

Henry the Second,

King of *ENGLAND*;

WITH THE

Death of Rosamond.

By Bancroft

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL,

B Y

Their Majesties Servants.

~~Not to be printed~~
L O N D O N :

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To the Truly Worthy

Sir *THOMAS COOKE* K^t.

*Alderman, and Sheriff of the Most Fa-
mous City of* L O N D O N.

S I R,

THough a Stranger to your Person, 'tis impossible to be so to your Virtues; for General Fame (that is so often call'd a Lyar, and seldom takes pains to Blazon Good Deeds, but on the contrary is most industrious to expose the Bad) has taken an unusual and peculiar Care to Justify your Reputation; And the united consent of all Mankind concur, that in your Character she has spoke Truth, and what is as commendable, no more than the Truth.

Your Generous Charity in many considerable Extremities, has sufficiently demonstrated, not only the Ancient Spirit of an *English* Man, but the more glorious Principle of a Christian. Charity the eldest Favourite of God, the first in Honour, and the last in Love, seems to be declared the Heir of all your Fortunes: It is your Private Pleasure, your Secret Ambition, the Care of your Endeavours, and I cannot help saying, the Blessing that attends 'em.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Your Noble Commiseration on the Deplorable Condition of many a wretched Soul in the Hard Frost must be remembred, when Corn and Goals were above their reach, and, indeed, so dear, that it would have been counted Impudence, in the greatest necessity, to have begg'd 'em; You, like a second *Joseph*, in the Famine, reliev'd their wants, and gave 'em Fire to warm the Hearts you fed.

Your most Commendable Bounty to the distressed *Irish* Protestants must be remembred, for you were their greatest Benefactor, and the First. Such Publick Benevolence ought not to be conceal'd, tho' 'tis your desire; for you would be as well pleas'd to have it not known, as you are satisfied when you bestow it: But I say again, it ought to be Publish'd out of the hopes that the knowledge of such Goodness may rouse the sleeping hospitality of our Land, that it may take place of Board Wages, which has scandalously shut up those Doors our Grandfathers always kept open for the Poor.

It is not to be expected that my Pen should set forth your Praise as the merit of it deserves, but as the famous Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, in a Choice Picture will strike the Eye of the Beholder (tho' a Stranger to the Original) and tell him, some where or other he has seen that Face, tho' he cannot immediately recollect the Person: So I will endeavour by the bold touches of Truth, to let the World know they have heard of the Man, tho' they cannot at the instant apply the Character to his Name.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

So Famous a Citizen has not in many Ages fill'd the Walls of *London*; your Generosity is the Honour of it, your Conduct and Affability the Credit of it; And you are one of the chiefest Members in the support of its Trade.

'Tis probable that the World may admire at a Dedication of this Nature to *Sir Thomas Cooke*, since the Custom of Poets has been to Address their Plays to the Nobility, either by the way of Thanks, for Patronizing their Works before they were made publick; or else in a Panegyrick on their Families: But I declare, neither of these are the occasion of this Epistle; but that it proceeds from a real respect I have to your great Character, and a desire of being the first that should Publish it to the World.

The *Romans* whose Courage and Country once excell'd all others, were ever proudest of their Citizens, and not without good Reason; for indeed they are the support of all Governments: And as they are the first to be Tryed, so they are the longest to be Esteem'd, the most to be Encouraged, and the last to be Injured. *Anthony* reckon'd he had as good as Conquer'd *Brutus*, when his Oration had overthrown his Interest with the Citizens. That ours may always Flourish, and never want such Virtues as yours to advance their Prosperity, shall be the constant and fervant wish,

Of Your Most Obedient Servant,

WILL MOUNTFORT.

P R O L O G U E.

IN this grave Age, improv'd by States-mens Art,
 Who e'er can think you'll like a Misses Part?
 Time was, when Rosamond might shine at Court;
 These are no days for Ladies of that sort.

How strangely Time does Human Things decay!
 Four Cent'ries past, as ancient Writers say,
 She that we represent bore mighty sway:
 Her Beauty wondred at, her Wit extoll'd,
 Her yellow Locks were call'd too Threads of Gold.

But now should that Complexion use the Trade,
 Each puny Fop the Town has newly made,
 Would cry, Confound the Carrot-pated Jade.

Misses in times of War and Jeopardy,
 Like Armourers in days of Peace must be;
 His Swords and Helmets rust, and so will She.

What sort of Criticks then must I endear
 To favour this abandon'd Character?

The French fatigue too much, to mind Amour;
 Th'Italian's Bigotted; The Spaniard Poor;
 The Clumsie Lover, with his Northern Sense,
 Would have the Yo-Frows, but would spare the Pence:
 Rav'nous of Beauty; But when Purse should open,
 Myn Heer is either deaf, or Drunk-asloven.

Thus all o'er Europe, as the Scenes are laid,
 War and Religion have quite spoil'd Love's Trade.

Since then from Courts her Part must hope no pity,
 I'll try ths English Lovers of the City;

Kind Souls, who many a Night o'er Toast and Ale,
 Have wept at reading Rosamond's fam'd Tale,
 And will, we hope for Beauties sake, to day
 Confront the Wits, and save a harmless Play.

So may you thrive, your Wagers all be won;
 So may your Wise Stock-jobbing Crimp go on;
 So may your Ships return from the Canaries,
 And stola French Cargoes in your Johns and Maries.

Stand Buff once for a Mistress: Think what Lives
 Some of you daily lead with scolding Wives.

And though she fell by Jealous Cruelty,
 For Venial Sin 'twas pity she should die.

Ah! should your Wives and Daughters so be try'd,
 And with her Dose their Failings purify'd,
 Lord! What a Massacre wou'd mawl Cheapside!

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. Dryden. Spoke by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Thus you the sad Catastrophe have seen,
Occasion'd by a Mistress and a Queen.
Queen Eleanor the Proud was French, they say;
But English Manufacture got the Day:
Jane Clifford was her Name, as Books aver,
Fair Rosamond was but her Nom de Guerre.
Now tell me, Gallants, wou'd you lead your Life
With such a Mistress, or with such a Wife?
If One must be your Choice, which d'ye approve,
The Curtain-Lecture, or the Curtain-Love?
Wou'd ye be Godly with perpetual Strife,
Still drudging on with homely Joan your Wife;
Or take your Pleasure in a wicked way,
Like honest Whoring Harry in the Play?
I guess your minds: The Mistress wou'd be taking,
And nauseous Matrimony sent a packing.
The Devil's in ye all; Mankind's a Rogue,
You love the Bride, but you detest the Clog:
After a Tear, poor Spouse is left i'th' lurch;
And you, like Haynes, return to Mother-Church.
Or, if the name of Church comes cross your mind,
Chappels of Ease behind our Scenes you find:
The Play-house is a kind of Market-place;
One chaffers for a Voice, another for a Face.
Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many,
Would buy of me a Pen' worth for your Peny.
Ev'n this poor Face (which with my Fan I hide)
Would make a shift my Portion to provide,
With some small Perquisites I have beside.
Though for your Love, perhaps, I should not care,
I could not hate a Man that bids me fair.
What might ensue, 'tis hard for me to tell;
But I was drench'd to day for loving well,
And fear the Poyson that would make me swell.

Dram-

Dramatis Personæ.

King <i>Henry</i> the Second,	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
Prince <i>Henry</i> , his Son,	<i>Mich. Lee</i> .
Sir <i>Tho. Vaughan</i> , a Favourite of the King's,	} Mr. <i>Ant. Leigh</i> .
Abbot,	
<i>Verulam</i> ,	Mr. <i>Sandford</i> .
<i>Sussex</i> ,	Mr. <i>Kynaston</i> .
<i>Aumerle</i> ,	Mr. <i>Hodgson</i> .
<i>Bertrard</i> , a Priest,	Mr. <i>Bridges</i> .
	Mr. <i>Dogget</i> .
Queen <i>Eleanor</i> ,	Mrs. <i>Barry</i> .
<i>Rosamond</i> ,	M. <i>Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Rosamond's</i> Woman,	Mrs. <i>Kent</i> .

Attendants, Priests, Guards.

Scene, O X F O R D.

Henry

I

Henry the Second,

King of *ENGLAND*.

A C T. I.

SCENE I.

Enter Suffex, Verulam, and Aumerle.

Veru. **Y**OU do mistake the Cause, and your Opinions
Too easily comply with what you wish;
Like young Physicians, pass a hasty Judgment,
Thinking the Patient's well, because his looks

Are seeming healthy, streak'd with chearful Red,
While some unnat'ral Fire preys on his Heart,
And drinks up all the moisture of his Life.

Suffex. Excuse our Unexperience, and direct us
How we may solve the Error of our Thoughts.

Veru. My Age, and long Attendance on the King,
Makes me no Stranger to the Mystery.
But would to Heav'n it ne'er had been my Fate,
Since I've beheld the Troubles of my Master,
And want the Pow'r to ease his Misery!

Aumer. I thought this sudden Alteration
Proceeded from some Change of Government;
Believ'd the head-strong *Normans*
By Innovation wrought these Fits of Spleen.

Veru. Like a Disease it has been growing on him
For many years; and now 'tis fix'd so fast,
So deeply in him, he cannot shake it off.
Love wrought the Change at first,
And with its Magick quite o'r-power'd his Reason,
Blinded all his Senses,
Till he sunk quick into the Gulph of Wed'lock.
From the unlucky moment that he joyn'd

Henry the Second,

With *Eleonor*, the Repudiated Leavings
Of the French King, *Lewis*, his mortal Foe,
Strife and Disorder has o'er-spread the Realm :
Our sad Divisions speak our coming Mischief.

Aumer. From whence must rise this Danger,
You seem so very apprehensive of?

Veru. Here, in his Court at *Oxford*; here, in his Bed and Bosom;
His jealous Wife, and disobedient Sons.

Is there a day's cessation from Debate;
An intermission from their Wilds of Nature?
When will it cease? Not while the Mother's fondness
Upholds their fiery Youth, smiles on their Insolence,
Clapping their Cheeks, to shew how she approves it.

Suffex. Is then the Lion's Voice so soon forgot?
'Twas not long since they trembled at the sound,
And their Knees shook with terror of the Accent.

Aum. The haughty Queen was forc'd to rein her Heart,
And one might read her Passion in her Tears.

Suffex. Most of that Sex,
Whene'er they fail of wish'd Success,
Their Blood turns Gall, and flashes through their Eyes :
And if a Showr does fall——

Veru. 'Tis the hot Stream of Anger boyling o'er,
Which shews how much the Spleen and Mother governs.
I'll tell you what befel of late,
And then give me your Censures.

Aum. We attend you.

Ver. I have observ'd the Crowd of fawning Wretches,
Which servilely attend the Queen's Appartment,
Watching the early op'ning of the Door,
To shew their forward Zeal.

Suffex. The Fathers and the Priests you mean.

Ver. You hit me right.
These holy, pious, seeming godly Men,
Swarm not for nothing : Either there's Revenge
Or Int'rest stirring, when Church-mens diligence
Haunt Majesty so much.

I have observ'd how grossly they have flatter'd,
Yet she hath swallow'd up their nauseous Phrases
Fast as their utt'rance, while they prais'd her Person,
Or loaded with Hyperbole's her Son.

Aum. You speak of what is natural to Women.

Veru. But when they'd gain'd attention, and wrought her
To admiration, then the Fane was turn'd,
And their foul Breath pointed against the King.
Then *Becket's* Death, that Patron of Rebellion,
That Traytor to the King and all his Int'rest,

Was introduc'd ; and with such doleful Accents,
As if the Life o'th' Church expir'd in His.
Here *Henry* was forgot, her Lord and Monarch ;
Instead of punishing the sawcy Gown-man,
She mourn'd the Fall of the aspiring Prelate ;
Would cast her Eyes, almost eclips'd with Tears,
On the young Race of Heroes standing by,
Insinuating their Father was too Guilty.

Suffex. Nay, they are always ripe for Mischief,
Whene'er the Power o'th' Crown checks that o'th' Church ;
And the World knows too well, if they had Power.

Vern. If they had Power ! Why, have they not, my Lord ?
Divide the Globe, and you will find a Third
Are Men in Orders, or the Slaves to them.
I tell you, Sirs, they are a dreadful Host ;
And should the Pulpit sound to an Alarm,
I question much whether our *Hercules*
Could cope this *Hydra*. 'Tis a horrid Tale
They have possess'd th' unthinking Crowd withall,
Concerning *Becker's* Death.

Aum. Wou'd the whole Tribe had met the Traytor's Fate,
Since they aspire to fetter Monarchy,
Nay the Nobility must sink with him.

Suffex. Whil't ev'ry Pedant which can gain the Rocher
Must Lord it o'er us, we shall be like Beatts
Pegg'd on the Common, there to graze our Round,
And must be thankful, though the Soyl's our own.

Aum. Surely at last the Royal Soul will rouse,
And free Himself and People from the Yoke.
Oh how I covet such a Jubilee !

V. rul. I find we centre in Opinion, and shall be
Glad to joyn in such a Cause.——
We are interrupted, the Court breaks in upon us.

Enter Sir Thomas Vaughan.

Suffex. Sir *Thomas Vaughan* ! Now dare I pawn
My Life, some Petticoat Embassy.

Aum. That old Gentleman.

Suffex. Ay, Sir, upon my word the best of his
Qualifications consist in acting the part
Of *Mercury* to our *Jupiter*.

Vern. That's of old Date.

Suffex. But may be renew'd again,
If Majesty have occasion.——Let us observe.

Sir *Tho. Vaugh.* This is the second time I have been sent of this Er-
rand ; pray Heav'n I'm more successful than I have been, I shall go
near

near to be discarded my Office else. One would not imagine what Pains, Care and Understanding are required to make a complete Pimp.

Suffex. Very pretty !

Sir Tho. Vaugh. None but this Virgin of Honour will down with Majesty. She's a fine Woman, that's the truth on't; but a Pox of her Chastity: what a damnable pother she makes to preserve that, which half the Women in the Town would be glad to be rid of! Had she been my Kinswoman now, I had been made for ever. There's no Court-Bribe in the World like a Female-Relation, for a speedy Advancement.

Aum. Suppose, after all our suspicions, it should Be Love that has wrought this Alteration In the King.

Suffex. I suspect it shrewdly.

Sir Tho. Vaugh. I am damnable afraid the Termagant Queen should come to the knowledge of it, she has such a plaguy number of Spies abroad. Well, *Sir Thomas*, you are in, and must e'en through; 'tistoo late to repent. Send thee good luck, old Boy. ——— Balta! Who's there?

[Sees 'em.]

Verul. Friends.

Sir Tho. Vaugh. Not Eve-droppers I hope: Ha! my good Lord *Verulam*, your Lordship's most humble Servant.

Suffex. What, in a Sweat, Man?

Sir Tho. Vaugh. A little warm, my Lord. Who would be a Courtier, that has any regard for his Carcas? This toiling and moiling does not agree with my Age; I must e'en leave it off, and betake to my Prayers in time.

Veru. What, a Favourite, and talk of leaving the Court?

Sir Tho. Vaugh. I a Favourite! your Lordship's most humble Servant. But I take all things in good part from my Friends.

Aum. Have you seen the King to day?

Sir Tho. Vaugh. I just parted with him; he's a very honest Gentleman, the most accomplish'd, gallant, sweetest natur'd person in *Europe*: He has found out something extraordinary in me, for which I am eternally engag'd to him.

Suffex. Y'are dispos'd to be merry.

Sir Tho. Vaugh. I would I cou'd: But the King's Melancholly strangely discomposes me. Poor Prince! never was Mortal so afflicted.

Veru. Nothing that's new, I hope.

Sir Tho. Vaugh. The Devil and all of Mischief. Yonder Knaves have been at it o' t'other side of the Water, helter skelter; fight Dog, fight Bear; nothing but Mutiny, Mutiny. ——— Gad, if the King would follow my Advice, we'd mawl 'em.

Suffex. What, you mean the Religious Fathers? ———

Sir Tho. Vaugh. Religious d'ye call 'em? I don't know what Religion they have, but they have very good Livings: They have made a fine piece of Work of their Religion.

Veru.

Veru. About what?

Sir Tho. Vaugh. Why about the Gentleman at *Canterbury*, that had his Brains beat out to inform his Judgment.

Sussex. The Prelate *Becket*?

Sir Tho. Vaugh. Ay, ay: They have dignify'd and distinguish'd him from the infamous Title of a *Traitor*, to the spiritual one of a *Saint*.

Veru. You should speak more respectfully of the Cloathing.

Sir Tho. Vaugh. Why Black never blushes, you know, say what you will on't.

Veru. Would you have us be without 'em?

Sir Tho. Vaugh. Why when were they ever with us? Did you ever know them joyn with the People, unless 'twas a Mischief of their own making? We may groan under Misery and Slavery, grumble and complain; but, if the Churches Rights be not invested, they tell us, We must bear it, and submit to the Higher Powers. But if a single Egg of their Tyths were crack'd, and not made good to 'em, you should hear them bellow against Power and Dominion, make the Cause of the Church the disquiet of Heav'n; tell you, Horror and Plagues will come from above; that the just Divine Wrath will punish your Sacrilege: So destroy you themselves, to preserve you from Judgments.

Sussex. Sure they have done thee some mortal injury.

Sir Tho. Vaugh. Let 'em forbear the King then, and Peace follows; for they're so constantly teizing him about their Religion, the Man can't enjoy himself for 'em: besides, should they biggorize the King to admire Abstinence and Chastity, poor *Sir Thomas* is kick'd out; for *Praying* and *Pimping* can never agree——Ads me! my Lords, I forgot to tell you the News; The King's reconcil'd to the Prince, who must go to *Normandy*; and the Queen's pleas'd. There's a Miracle, my Lords! The Queen's pleas'd! Nay, she's pleas'd with me, that she has not spoke to this Month! Such a Favour she has done me!

Sussex. What is't?

Sir Tho. Vaugh. Your Servant.

Veru. Pray what is't?

Sir Tho. Vaugh. You'll tell on't.

Ann. Think better of us.

Sir Tho. Vaugh. If the King should know on't.

Veru. Never for us.

Sir Tho. Vaugh. Last night at Supper——

Sussex. What then?

Sir Tho. Vaugh. Nothing, only the Queen's pleas'd, that's all. Again your Servant, my Lords, your Servant. [Exit.]

Veru. The Prince to *France*! this is a sudden motion. I know the Provinces are Malecontent, Apt for Commotion, ready for Rebellion: But they require a sharp and steddly hand, One of Experience——Ha! the King alone!

[Withdraws.]

Enter

Henry the Second,

Enter King Henry.

King. Oh Love! Oh *Rosalind*! Why do I name
That Cruel Maid? But yet alas! I must
Spight of my fix'd Resolves; She grasps my Heart,
And turns it with each motion of her Eyes:
If there were hopes; Why, Am I not a King?
But what are Kings in Love? Like Lyons Chain'd
We Roar, but cannot reach what we would Prey on:
Why else, ye Gods, do ye with-hold your Bounty?
Or is this single Beauty thought too much
For a Reward of all my Sufferings?
If so you think,
Take back this Crown and Dignity you gave,
Confine me to some Corner of the Earth
Where abject Poverty does make abroad;
Bless me with *Rosalind*; and even there
I'll thank your Providence for the Exchange:
But, Oh! I Rave, and must recall my Sences,
Bus'ness comes forward, curst bus'ness haunts me.
With what a weight does that poor Monarch move,
That's Clogg'd with Bus'ness, and perplex'd with Love!

Enter Verulam, Suffex, and Aumerle.

Vern. Your Majesty!

King. Thou art the only Man of all the World
I coveted to see; Come near me *Verulam*,
I shall have need of your assistance shortly,
Your Counsel now.

Vern. You doubly Honour me.

King. Upon mature Advice, I have resolv'd
To send my Eldest Son to *Normandy*;
And, to engage his Duty, will Invest him
With all the Royal Dignities belonging
To both the Dukedoms; since he longs for Power,
I'll Load him with the Weight of Government.

Vern. None better can direct the Rounds of State
Than Sacred Majesty; It is in you
From vast Experience grown to certain Judgment.
Yet——

King. Let me tell thee *Verulam*,
I have examin'd, with the strictest care,
What Consequences may attend this Act;
You must allow Youth are most prone to Covet
What is debar'd 'em: Give 'em full possession

They

King of England.

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They soon grow weary of the Toy they Long'd for.
But to prevent all danger, 'tis Resolv'd
That you attend him; the Commission's ready:
I know thy Loyalty admits no scruple.

Vern. I'm all obedience to your Royal pleasure.

Enter Prince Henry, Attendants.

[Runs to the King and Kneels.

King. All is forgot: Thy Fathers Memory
Bears thy good Deeds in fight; but ne're looks backwards. *[Takes him up.*

Prince. You are all Goodness, Tenderneſs and Mercy.

King. I know 'tis want of Action caus'd the Surfeit,
The Riots, and the Luxuries o'th' Court;
But now an opportunity's at hand
To Wash away the Stains of Idleneſs.
Read that. *[Gives him a Letter.*

Prince. This Purports that the *Normans* are in Arms.

King. It does.

Prince. Are they ſo Pamper'd with their fullneſs, Sir?
Theſe wreſtly Slaves, like Horſes wanting uſe,
Muſt be kept to it, Rid hard, and exercis'd;
Muſt feel the Bit and Curb, to let 'em know
They're under Government.

King. Why thou haſt ſpoke it, and ſhall ſee it done:
For from this moment do I conſtitute
Thee equal ſharer with me in my Sceptre,

Prince. My Royal Father.

King. I have ſaid the Word; Hence be Convinc'd,
A Parents Love can bear, forget, forgive,
And wait the gentle Season when Penitence
Shall ſpring; and ſhowr a Bleſſing
That may encourage Virtue as it grows.

Prince. My thanks to Heav'n and you; Oh! you have made,
New-moulded up this Maſs, and breath'd a Soul
That longs for Action, and the toil of War:
If I not ſtrive to merit this great Bleſſing,
If I not Honourably diſcharge the Truſt,
Endeavour Nobly; may I ſink with ſhame
As great as my worſt Foes would wiſh,
Beſt Friends lament: For *France* my Father,
Where I will ſeaſon this my Infant Sword,
To Dedicate to you who taught it Glory.

King. This ſounds well *Harry*, as it ſhould be Boy;
And I foreſee *Englands* good Genius Dancing
In thy Spirit, and pleas'd with the young *Mars*
It has begot. My Lord of *Verulam*.

Vern. Your Maſteſty?

King.

Henry the Second,

King. Here, as a Pledge of Love,
Accept this Man ; I give him
As a Guardian Angel to thee :
His Courage shall assist and strengthen thine,
His Judgment in the Field shall guide thy boldness ;
And if Fate should approach thee, clap between ye :
His Care shall lessen thy Fatigue in War ;
In Peace his Diligence shall give thee Pleasure.

Prince. Sir, you are mine ; your Character is great,
And I will shew how I esteem its worth
In choosing your Opinion.

Enter Queen, Abbot, Fryers, Attendants.

Queen. Oh Barbarous King ! was there no other way
To reach my heart, but thus to snatch him from me ?
Look on him well, Are these young tender Limbs
Fit to endure the hardships of a Camp,
The Cares of War, and Dangers that attend it ?
It shall not, must not be and I alive.
Oh Harry ! hang upon thy Mothers Love,
And shun thy Father's Cruelty.

King. Well, Madam, have you done ? Are you at ease ?
Has the fierce Whirlwind of your Passion vent ?
If not, Enlarge after your wonted method.

Queen. Ingrateful King, Do you upbraid my fondness !
Think'st thou this Breast is hardned like thy own ?
I bore him, bred him, felt the rack of Nature ;
Many long Winter Nights have watcht his slumbers,
When the sad hand of Sicknes was upon him ;
While you, encompass'd round with all your Friends,
Forgot my Care, and the poor Infant's danger.
He minds me not : Oh wretched Majesty !
See Reverend Fathers, Is this humane usage ?

Prince. Let me beseech you, Madam, calm this Passion :
The King designs my Greatness.

Queen. Deluded Fool, away ; Fly, fly betimes
To Sanctuary, where these good Mens assistance
May break the Philtre, and dissolve the Magick
Which blinds thy sense, and sets thee mad for Glory :
Behold, this Holy Man, thy careful Tutor,
Whose studious diligence first taught thee Knowledge,
With Art and Patience clear'd thy erring Soul,
And made it Master of Imperial Wisdom ;
Take his Advice : Be deaf to the harsh King's,
Which would destroy thee, by removing thee.

King. Contemn her fondness, and consult thy Honour.

King of England.

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This Passion flows from an unruly Will :
I tell thee, *Harry*, all the Sex are thus,
And Contradiction's their Original Sin ;
For Woman was the first in Disobedience.
When they were molded first into a Form,
And the Almighty lik'd the great Design,
Pleas'd with the Work, withdrew; and in th'Interval
The Fall'n Angel crept unseen and view'd it ;
✓ Saw that Man's Happiness would be complete,
And from his Gall a drop of Spleen dash'd in,
Which sow'd the whole Creation:
'Tis that affects her now ; give it but scope,
And when she sees it moves us not, 'twill down.

Prince. If to my Mother's Will I should submit,
Glory will shun me, Honour flie me,
And all Brave Men contemn me.

Abbot. Most Gracious Majesty, vouchsafe attention
To the humble Speech of your poor Beadsman :
I am bound in duty to offer my assistance,
And to mediate where persons of such near Affinity
Have different Passions which o'ercloud the Soul,
Soyling Perfection.
See your Royal Partner o'erwhelm'd with Tears,
From the harsh words you've utter'd !
That Noble Graft bury'd in deep amazement
Oh ! Let this Discord end in Harmony !
Lull the harsh Note, and raise her up to Life.

King. Who asks Advice from you, my Rev'rend Sir ?
Who sent for you to make up Royal Breaches ?
Because you are th' Examiner of her Sins,
Must you pretend Dominion o'er my Actions ?
Go to ; We know ye : Preach to those who do not,
And let their Ignorance support your Cunning ;
Thou Pandor of the Court !

Abbot. Your trusty Knight there
Becomes the Title better.

[Points to Sir T. Vau.

King. Ha ! what said you ?

Abbot. This Accusation does not suit my Function,
Nor well become the Mouth of Dignity :
If We, the Pillars of the Holy Church,
Are thus calumniated, 'tis easie gueffing what
Will follow : You set an ill Example.

King. You seldom shew us good ones.
Come come I know you better than your selves,
Your proud, ambitious, haughty, daring Tempers:
The God you Idolize is Int'rest ;
Which to obtain you'd bridle all Mankind,
And ride 'em to the Devil.

C

Queen

Queen. Oh Blasphemy!

Abbot. Alas poor Queen! how must he use your Goodness,
If he reviles the Church thus!
Atheists would blush at this.

King. Is there no way to Heav'n without these Fellows?
Try me, and judge me, Oh thou awful Pow'r,
If I not reverence and adore thy Laws!
But why through such hard hands are they deliver'd?
How is't you make us Kings, whilst these prescribe us?
Our Actions must be govern'd by their Consciences,
Our own has no Pre-eminence nor Judgment.

Abbot. Reason is weak, where Passion is so strong:
Your Arbitrary Power would tire the World,
Did not Heav'n bless you with our Guiding Virtues.

King. Yet, with your leaves, Kings may indulge themselves,
Violate Laws, Disfranchise all their Subjects,
Provided that your Government's untouch'd.
But, should we look
A-squint upon the Failures of the Church,
The holy Rooks and Daws betake to wing,
And fill the Air with Clamor.

Hence! Begone, on forfeit of your Lives!

Abbot. He shall pay dear for this.
Come, Brothers, let's to Council.

[Exit Abbot, Priests.

Sir Tho. Vaugh. That's to Mischief.
Now will the Church fall in a Fever,
And want his Blood for a Cordial.

King. Now, *Eleanor*, to you: Beware these Men;
Thou'rt but a Tool to them, to fashion me,
And work my Actions suitable to theirs.
Shock not thy Husband's Pow'r, to strengthen them;
For, credit me, I know their inward Cunning:
They call'd my Father in, to serve their Int'rest;
And, when he had nobly ventur'd Life and Pow'r,
Remov'd th'Oppressions under which they groan'd,
They grew so weary of Security,
They wou'd have chang'd again.
Observe this, Boy: Seem with the Church to joyn,
Hearken and weigh whatever they design,
But never let their Knowledge fathom thine.

Queen. But why must he to th' War?
Oh! Can you love, and put him into danger?

King. Hear me;
And what I say, I hope, will make impression:
If to divest my self, and place on him
A Sov'reign Pow'r, be not the Marks of Love,
Then I have none: If to advance my Son

Into

Into an equal share of Empire with me,
Be not Affection, what then is Affection?

Queen. But yet ———

King. Come, *Eleanor*, be calm, cease all suspicion;
And if I fall'd out in rash expressions,
Wink at my Failings; For, Oh my Queen!
The Cares that tend upon a Crown are great,
And do sometimes distract.

Queen. Is there no danger of his Life?

King. None that I know of.

My Lord of *Verulam* I joyn to his assistance:
But if the Sceptre be too ponderous,
I'll aid the Prince till strength shall reach his Arm,
And be a Shield 'twixt him and all Invaders.

Prince. Dear Madam, hear the King, let him prevail;
You would not have me stay and wield a Distaff,
When Honours Trumpet sounds so brave a Charge,
When all my Royal Father's great Intentions
Aim only at th'increasing of my Glory.

Queen. It shall be so: But, my dear Child, take care;
Oh *Verulam*! be watchful in the War;
The Comfort of my Life lies all in him.

King. I bless thee from my Soul, and wish thee well.

Prince. How I'll deserve that Blessing, time shall tell.
If I return, Conquest and Peace I'll bring;
If not, just Fame shall, to my Glory, sing,
I suffer'd for my Country and my King.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The End of the First Act.

ACT. II.

SCENE I.

Enter Abbot and Fryers.

Abbot. DID you not mark with what a sprightly Joy
The Youth took fire when we saluted him?
The Blood flew up, and almost burst his Cheeks;
His Eyes did sparkle round unwonted Lustre;
His fault'ring Tongue could not express his Soul,
But with a pleas'd and eager stammering
Hinted the wond'rous Transport he was under;

Then with a Bridegroom's haste he claspt us round,
Call'd us his Friends, and kiss'd our Lips with as
Much warmth as each had been a Mistress.

2 Fry. Nay, though the Queen had sent to take her leave,
How slowly did he quit our Company!

The falling Showrs gush'd from his longing Eyes,
And spoke the wreck he felt i'th' Separation;
Then on his Knees with humble Adoration
Besought our guardian Pray'rs and Benizons.

Abbot. It almost made me weep for Company,
But that the Fire which burns within this Bosom
Call'd back the Sap for a more Noble Use.

Now, should I speak my Thoughts,
I must declare this early pious, worshipping
Young Prince, deserves the Crown.

1 Fry. What says my Lord?

Abbot. Since his ill Father stands accus'd for shedding
Most sacred Blood, and in a holy Place,
He is divested by his Holiness
Of Power and Royalty,
And only bears an empty Title now.

2 Fry. But which of us dare to tell him so?
He has a damnable Spirit, and values
Hanging a Church-man no more than a mutinying Soldier.

Abbot. Weak men! whose Senses are o'er-whelm'd with Ease;
'Think you there goes no more to this great Work,
Than barely talking? I tell you, We must first
Joyn all the Pow'r and Int'rest we can make,
To undermine this vast Colossus.

'Tis of Consequence sufficient to engage
The whole Profession,
And call the scatter'd *Levi* of the World
To one entire and absolute Assembly.

Oh Becker! Oh thou Martyr for our sakes!
The only Patron of our humble Labours!
Have you forgot? Speak, has Remembrance left you?
Are all his Favours bury'd in Oblivion?

1 Fry. No, 'tis to him and you we owe our being.

Abbot. And shall We tamely let his Murderers sleep,
Sit down in silence to behold their Triumph?

Oh! never let Ingratitude so foul
Be lay'd at the Church door: Think of his goodness,
He took me when a Boy from my poor Parents,
Pleas'd with a forward Spirit which he saw;
And at his Charge, with Cost and Diligence,
I was instructed in Divinity;
Preferr'd me early into Holy Orders,

And

King of England.

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And made me in my Six and Thirtieth year
One of the Confessors to Majesty:

And tho' in different ways his Love did move,
You shar'd his Bounty, and to good advantage.

2 *Fry.* 'Tis true; and we no less than you Repine,
For want of means to shew how we'd Revenge.

Abbo. Oh, wonderful stupidity! Is't possible!
What have we all this time been talking of?
Was it not of the Prince, the King that must be?
Does not Heav'n give the Power into our hands?
And by the Gift, plainly direct us how
To Right the Impious Murder of the Saint?

2 *Fry.* I understand you now:

Abbo. You are his Tutor, *Becket* gain'd you that.

2 *Fry.* 'Tis true.

Abbo. Thou say'st he is ambitious; be it so:
Nourish the growing Plague, Temper the mischief;
Of Power and Sway the cunning Compound make;
On the prevailing fuel of his Pride
Set the Infection; his Spleen will feed the Fire,
Till wild Ambition blazes to Rebellion.

2 *Fry.* The task is easie; for in his eager Soul
His Fathers Errors bear Pre-eminence,
With all his Mothers positive ill Nature.

Abbo. Blessings upon thy Zeal! this plainly looks
Like Inspiration, and foretells success:
Few words, and I have done.

When thou shalt reach the Prince's Court,
Thou wilt be swarm'd to for News,
And principally from the Men in Orders;
None carry Ears more itching than
The Cloathing.

2 *Fry.* Give me your full desire; tell me
Your heart, and if I fail my Trust,
Cunning forsake our Tribe.

Abbo. Then plainly thus:
Lay all the Churches sufferings on the Rack,
Let every scratch appear a mortal Wound;
Breath to their fickle Souls desire of change,
And never quit the Subject: Extol the Prince
With all the Rhetorick Interest can invent;
Paint the vile King upon the stretch of Fancy,
Attempt the Root of his Prerogative,
And load with endless fears each branch of Power,
Till we have stripp'd him naked of all Trust.
Observe the Faction Chiefs, and there inlarge
Thy well wrought Sophistry.

14

If thou should'st find 'em start into a Curse,
Say thou *Amen*.

2 *Fry*. My zealous Spirit glows to be at work.

Abbo. When e're thou com'st among the Female Sex,
Bemoan the dreadful prospect of our Woes,
Work 'em to Tears, melt 'em with Apprehension;
For none ingender mischief like that Sex:
Enquire amongst their Sins, And those
Thou find'st still most accountable and fearful,
Work up with dreadful Industry and Terror;
Sigh out Damnation with prodigious Accent,
And tell 'em nought can stop such festring wounds,
But being mighty forward in this Cause:
Oh, thou shalt see 'em work their Husbands up,
And teach their lisping Babes to Curse the King:
They are the Train by which we Blow up Fools;
There's nothing worthy Note is done without 'em.

2 *Fry*. Let me be gone; I'm eager to be at it.

Abbo. Get all things ready; at Night meet
Me at home, i'th' Morning you set
Forward; away I must; to th' Queen.

1 & 2 *Fry*. Success attend you.

[*Ex. 1 & 2 Fry.*

Abbo. Now *Becket*, if thy Ghost
Will look so low as us that will revenge thee,
Dart from thy Saints bright Rays, a Providence
That may encircle and protect our Actions:
If Souls which from the Worlds rich Arms are forc'd,
Torn from their Right in Nature by Oppression,
And sent unjustly, unprepar'd, away,
To give an Answer at a moments warning
To a long Scrawl of all their ill-spent Lives,
Ben't a Barbarity abhorr'd by Christians,
Morality good night;
Conscience and Equity be ever Banish'd:
And Arbitrary Strength officiate Justice.
No, *Becket*, thou shalt have full revenge,
If Blood can give it measure.
I've trac'd his Lust,
Where he supinely does indulge himself;
Found out his Paramour, and the Queen shall
Know it.
Thus my Revenge I'll back with Jealousy;
A Rival is a plague that tortures Woman
Worse than her being cross'd in her Ambition.
And Oh, what a charming mischief must that prove,
That's Got by a Church Hate, and Nurs'd by Injur'd Love!

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Tho Vaughan, and Rosamonds Women.

Sir Tho. Was there ever so perverse a Baggage! Hast thou neither respect to my Age nor my Person? Who am I? what am I? Tell me quickly, or I shall grow very furious, I shall.

Wom. Sir, I neither regard your Age nor your Person: And your Anger would do better to be shewn among them that fear you, than here, where you're so little welcome.

Sir Tho. Why Huzzzy? I'm a Gentleman.

Wom. 'Tis a very improper employment this, if you are so.

Sir Tho. Look you, my Lady's Gentlewoman, I will not be popp'd off with the flap of a Fox Tail, I come with a Message from the King; do you mark? I must have an Answer from your betters ere I return.

Wom. I think you have had Answers enough to have put any Man out of Countenance that had a grain of Modesty in him.

Sir Tho. Tell the Wind where it shall blow Child; I'm a thorow-pac'd Courtier, us'd to denyals, but that never disheartens me; he that sits down contented with a Lady's answering Nay, twice or thrice, will be Curs'd by the Woman, and Laught at by the World. Importunity and Impudence are the Supporters of our Coat of Arms; indeed our Argent is somewhat scandalous; but our Rampant is very ancient; It came in with Infidelity, and always had the upper hand of Honesty in this World.

Wom. I don't understand your Heraldry Sir.

Sir Tho. I am an unlucky Dog, never eloquent but among the vulgar; and there it's always thrown away: Come Rogue, I must needs see your Lady.

Wom. Her positive Orders were to see none; and I will not infringe 'em to merit your thanks and her displeasure.

Sir Tho. To see none? If she means of the Common sort she's much in the right on't, I commend her Judgment: But I come from the King, Child.

Wom. There's the more danger: But I tell you she makes no distinction.

Sir Tho. Why, 'tis impossible; a Pox on thee, thou hast mistook her Orders; if she is resolv'd to see no body, let her come and tell me so her self: What, does she think she was made for no other use than our Shrines are, to be shewn upon Holidays only?

Wom. I am the Servant of her pleasure, Sir.

Sir Tho. So am I of my Masters: prithce let them put their pleasures together, and come to a right understanding. A young Woman, a handsome Woman, a brisk Woman, of a yielding Complexion, a fappy Constitution, a languishing Nature, turn Recluse? Why the Devil would as soon turn Tayler, and be bound to Thread his Needle

in the dark always. Why, she's good enough for Nuns-flesh Thirty years hence, when she's weary of the World, satiated with Flesh, and sit for no other thing, but a Fryar to mumble his Mattins o're.

Wom. What d'ye mean Sir?

Sir Tho. Why Child, I know 'tis against the Grain of any Woman in the World to be lock'd up, even in *Spain* it self, Love. But see, Rogue, see what the King has sent thee, all Yellow, prevailing Yellow, undeniable Yellow; this will dye Honour, or Conscience, Chastity, Friendship of any Colour whatsoever; and make Adultery look as Beautiful as the Snow-driven Sheets of a Virgin Sacrifice in Wedlock. Besides, he has provided for thee a Husband, a huge feeding Fellow, and as tuff as Whalebone.

Wom. You have such pleasant humours——but I dare not take it—my Lady is so——

Sir Tho. If thy Lady's such a Fool to stand in her own light, must the Maid follow the example? Be wiser Child; for let me tell thee, a Stale Waiting-woman is a scurvy Commodity; refuse but the Market, and 'twill hang on thy hands long enough.

Wom. If I must take it: But I can do nothing for't.

Sir Tho. Pshaw, pshaw, say what thou wilt; but do as thou think'st fit.

Wom. But she has sworn never to see the King.

Sir Tho. What! not see the King! O Lord! O Lord! she's in the state of Damnation; I'll get a Father presently; but now I think on't, there's none can Absolve her better than himself he'l take pains to Convert her.

Wom. She comes.

Enter Rosamond.

Sir Tho. Vangb. Let me alone with her.—— How does my sweet Lady, Nature's Pride, Pleasure of all our Senses, the Day's Comfort, the Night's Enligner?

Rosa. Away, thou venerable Bawd, thou shame To Age and Sanctity.

Sir Tho. A very hopeful beginning!

Rosa. The Badge of Years, which should be Honourable, In thee appears a Mark of Infamy.

Leave me! Be gone! Thy sight does strike a Horror,
Such as if Hell should yawn the Tempter up,
To second thy Delusion.

Sir Tho. She'll make me believe I'm a Fury anon,

Enter King.

Oh! 'tis well your Majesty has relieved me;
I'm school'd to a fright, and give like a

Tomb.

Tomb-stone against rainy Weather, Dew all over; Come, Charge, come; 'tis not for you and I to listen to State-affairs; he's a going to swear her of his Cabinet-Council.

[*Exeunt Sir Tho. & Wom.*]

Rosalind sees the King, and is going out.

King. Why dost thou shun my Love, thou Charming Maid? Why turn away thy Eyes, now they've undone me? Thou shouldst have hid their killing Fires before: Too well thy conscious Soul their Lustre knew, Foresaw the Adoration they'd beget; Thou shouldst have ever kept 'em from Mankind, Or mingl'd Pity with their barb'rous Pow'r.

Rosalind. Why will you thus perplex your self and me? How often have I begg'd you to desist! Methinks the many times I have deny'd, Might satisfy you your Attempts are vain.

King. Judge rightly of the Patience of my Love, With what a meek untir'd Zeal 't has waited, Born all the cold Rebukes of rigid Virtue, The harsh Denials of a vigorous Honour, Still creeping up to what I knew would crush me: Like the weak Reed against the blust'ring North, That nods and crouches to each angry Blast, Sinks down o'er-press'd by the insulting Storm; Yet still it swells, and slowly strives to rise, To be blown down again.

Rosalind. Oh! why do you pursue me?

King. Because my Peace has took her flight that way, And I must follow through this rugged Road To find it out, though every step I tread Brings my strict search but nearer to Destruction.

Rosalind. No, King, in vain you lay a Siege; The Fort's impregnable.

King. You think my Power's the less because I sue, Begging that Blessing which I might command. How easie might I seize the long'd-for Joy; But Force dissolves the sweetness of the Charm. Let then my Sufferings urge at last some Hope, Let cruel Virtue yield but to a Parley, Grant my Request, and make thy own Conditions.

Rosalind. What can you hope from such a wretched Conquest, Where all the Spoil is Infamy and Shame? Why would you foil the Glories of your Life, In mingling with the Creature you have made?

King. Nature may boast Thee as her Master-piece; Thou'rt the result of vast and long Contrivance; She practis'd hard e'er she could reach her mind.

D

And

And when she form'd thee from Original Thought,
The Copy struck her with amazing Pleasure,
And full Perfection recompenc'd the Toil.

Refam. Wou'd I'd been born a Leper,
And all those Graces which have wrong'd my Virtue,
By breeding this Infection in your Heart,
Had been consum'd or blasted in their Bud.

King. Oh fearful Blasphemy!

Refam. I have reason to curse all Charms that do attract
Your Eyes: But should I once encourage your
Attempts, you that are Wedded, out of all Pow'r
Of making recompence for what you must destroy;
How will the World censure my senseless weakness!
I must expect the Brand of Infamy,
All good Mens Curses, and be truly wretched.

King. No, *Rosamond*, I'll place thee in a Sphere
Above the reach of foul-mouth'd Envy,
Or the blackest Malice; where, like a Deity,
Thou maist look down, and either pity
Or revenge thy Wrongs.

Refam. Yes, by committing greater.
Therefore upon my Knees let me intreat,
That you would cease this most ungrateful Suit,
Or kill me, that will be a deed of Mercy.

King. Would'st thou command me to commit Self-murder?
My Life's in thine, and must partake its Fate.
Inexorable Fair! why wert thou made.

So wondrous charming, yet in Love so cruel?

Refam. I must be gone; he gains upon my Heart,
My Resolution thaws before his Heat,
And the rich Treasure of my spotless Honour
Will moulder into Dross.

King. No, 'twill be refin'd,
And, like the Ore torn from the fertile Womb
Of the rich Mine, suffer a noble Trial,
Gaining the Royal 'Say.

Refam. Impossible!
There's such antipathy 'twixt Vice and Virtue,
They will run counter, ne'er incorporate.

King. You are become a glorious Disputant,
A harden'd Rebel 'gainst the Cause of Love.

Refam. I am no Enemy to Love, my Lord;
Far from the Title, I admire the Deity,
Cou'd pay him Homage: But you are so far,
So infinite above my humble State,
Ruine attends the minute I comply.
You, like the Sun, while in its mid-way Path

Of Heav'n's bright Arch, do with your Rays call forth
The Trees to bloom, the Earth to yield her Fruits:
But when you draw too near the lower Orb,
Heat shoots too fierce, and withers all around.
Let me go hence.

King. Not till you see me dead,
My Heart-strings broke, and this half-dying Body
Become a Victim to your Cruelty.

Rosam. Oh I am lost!
My thirsty Soul drinks up his Words,
And, pleas'd with the rich Philtre, craves for more.

King. She's at a stand.
Must we then part for ever, *Rosamond*?

[*Aside.*

Rosam. For ever.

King. Oh hard sound! For ever, said you?

Rosam. If you still love me, as you say you do,
Unloose my hand.

King. Bid the poor dying Wretch quit his Reprieve,
Or t' ll the hunger-starv'd he must not eat,
Both will obey like me.

Rosam. You have undone a miserable Maid.

King. Ha! What do I hear! Is pity enter'd?
Am I call'd to Life?

Rosam. No, I will not hear you, see you, mind you,
Know you; My heart beats false, and if my Eyes
Tell Tales, believe 'em not.

King. You must not go.

Rosam. I will, and follow if you dare; for I
Will never yield.

King. Nay, I must follow.

Rosam. Must you? then I'll stay.

King. Do.

Rosam. No.

King. May I not follow?

Rosam. I will not speak;
You grow too strong, Oh do not tempt the weak!

[*Exit.*

King. Her Virtue gives apace.
Be bold my Love, pursue her while she's warm;
An easie Rape will now dissolve the Charm.

[*Exit King.*

The End of the Second Act.

A C T. III.

SCENE I.

Enter Queen alone, Reading.

Queen. **H**OW dull is all this World without my Child?
 My Nature sickens, all my Senses droop;
 Each wresty Faculty disorder'd grows,
 And ev'ry Vessel through which Life does play
 Its feeding Blood, to hearten and refresh
 The Limbs and Spirits to obey the Will,
 Like Pipes choak'd up, no longer can supply,
 But backward run, and burst for want of passage.
 Could I but find the honest, pious Abbot,
 He'd free me from this Labyrinth of Fear,
 Resolve my Doubts, and give me Peace again. [Sits down and reads.]

Enter Bertrad.

Bertr. Who the Devil put it into his Lordship's head to employ me in State affairs? I shall marr all, for want of a Memory; and he might as well have attempted to make a Sieve hold Water, as trusted me with his Councils: It is certain I was never cut out for a Politician. This Reverend Abbot has engag'd me in a fine bus'ness. When *Rosamond* told me in Confession of the King's Address to her, and I acquainted his Lordship with it, he oblig'd me to persuade her she ought not to resist the Importunities of her Prince, lest her Obstinacy should occasion his Death, and Royal Murther was a dreadful thing: But what's the reason of his making me tell the Queen of it? He says 'tis to revenge our Patron *Becket*: I know not what it may come to; he has promis'd me Preferment, and my Conscience must submit to my Ambition. — Oh she's here. — How shall I deliver my self? — I'm a curst Orator. — I'll put some hard words together, which will sound like Rhetorick, and that may pass for Learning if she understands 'em not. — Hail, Sacred Majesty.

Queen. The sound of Health to a departing Wretch
 Is not more welcom than such happy Company,
 The true Restorative to a sick Mind,
 Since all the Physick which the Soul requires
 Dwels in your Breasts.

Bertr. I shall believe anon I'm not the person I took my self for.

Queen.

Queen. Where have you left the Abbot?

Bertr. In his Cell,

Where on the cold hard Pavement he was paying
His zealous Orisons to all the Saints
For the Prosperity of the Illustrious Prince,
Your Royal Son.

Queen. How much he binds me to him!

Bertr. Now for my lofty Style.

[*Aside.*

If the Nation may it please August Majesty;
Could but comprehend the unaccountable Qualifications
Of his indisputable Understanding, they would
Venerate the Indulgence of his Sanctity.

Queen. I do believe you, Father.

Bertr. Nay, I dare be bold to say; nay more, affirm;
And what is more, confirm, That if the
Worthy President he sets Mankind were follow'd,
There would be vast sincerity of Conscience,
And the Age or World (which you please) would not
So transcendently abound with Knaves and Villains.

Queen. Go on, Father.

Bertr. Whether I can or no? — No Abbot yet! — I shall be
baffled presently.

Queen. Why do you pause? why are you thus concern'd?

Bertr. How should it be otherwise, with profound submission, when
the sacred Ornaments of your Countenance appear not so sublime as
usual; but the Rays of Dignity suffer as it were under the repugnance
of an Eclipse? hum, hum.

Queen. The absence of the Prince is grievous to me.

Bertr. Ay, Madam, you have mention'd the only Star that grac'd our
Horizon; to be depriv'd of him, is enough to put the considering
part of the Nation into Lacrimary shows, and stupifying sadness.
Enter Abbot, or I must Exit.

Queen. I am amaz'd!

You seem to hint at dangers, and call up
My Blood which crouds too fast about my heart,
And makes it pant with an unusual terror.
No pain is sure like that of Apprehension:
Therefore, good Father ease me of it quickly;
Pour in a Balm upon my bleeding wounds,
Restore my Health, and give my Tortures ease.

Enter Abbot.

Bertr. He's come in good time; for I am hared with the apprehen-
sion of the fury of her displeasure.

Abbot. The hours of Peace, Eternal Blessings wait you;
May all your Prayers be heard, your Wishes Crown'd,
And constant happiness attend 'em both.

Queen.

Queen. 'Tis kindly wish'd; but answer me, my Lord,
Pray, and be sincere; wave Holy niceties,
And tell me plainly, whether yon good Man
Is not dislemper'd in his mind?

Abbot. Far from it, on my Word.

Bert. Nay, if she thinks me mad for a little impertinence,
What will she think of the Church that's never at quiet!

Abbot. He has shot too far, I find it by his looks;
So it is always when he does amiss.

Bert. How could I help it? You might have come sooner, before
my Rhetorick tyred, and have hindred the stumbling of my under-
standing.

Abbot. Be silent; I'll fetch you off.
Your Majesty it seems is ignorant of what
This Holy Man is bless'd withal:
His Fasting, Watching, Praying, constant Penance,
Pull'd down from Heav'n the gift of Prophecy.

Queen. Indeed, my Lord!

Bert. I did Prophecy a Lye must help me truly.

Queen. He seem'd concern'd for my Son's safety.

Abbot. I fear'd as much: Then all the Truth is out.
Why did you not avoid the Royal presence?
It was not fit the Queen should know it yet;
Babble no more, 'tis of ill consequence.

Bert. What, has he lost his Beads he's so testy?
Did not you tell me the Queen——

Abbot. Peace.

Bert. Good Lord, what's the matter now! 'Tis hard that one Church-
man can't know the bottom of another.

Queen. Why do you rate him thus? Is it not fit,
If ought concern my safety, that I know it?
Be quick, and do not trifle with my expectation;
I shall forget the Sanction of your Robe,
And slight what I esteem'd.

Abbot. Pardon me, Royal Mistress;
I would not for the World offend that goodness:
But this is such a Tale, which I must tell,
Will chill and stagger every sence about you:
Therefore if I do lag in my Confession,
Think it not want of Duty, but of Courage;
For, O, I dread the fatal consequence
Which must attend the impression it will make.

Queen. Go on, and fear not;
For I've a Soul so near Divinity,
I can behold the worst that Fate can do,
And Laugh at the Decree.

Abbot.

Abbo. Then listen, for I talk of wondrous things;
When Kings, to prove their fondness of a Son,
Expose him to the Toyl of Camps and Wars,
And danger is a mark of their esteem.
Then yours is much belov'd.

If, when a Prince has got the Peoples Love,
And all their Jubilees express his Name,
The Father, to indulge their kindness to him,
Sends him abroad to keep him in their mind,
Then ours is strangely worship'd.

Queen. Ha!

Bert. What a rare pair of Bellows is a Canting Priest!
She blazes already.

Abbot. If when a King with Sacred Marriage tyr'd,
To shew how much yet still he hugs that chain
On a fresh Beauty pours his longing Soul;
And jealous of her Rage whom he has wrong'd,
Removes all means by which she might Revenge;
If this be proof that Wedlock he admires,
Then you are justly us'd.

Queen. How now; what say'st thou! Is my Bed abus'd?
Or is my Son remov'd lest he should right me?
Lay by thy cunning Rhetorick, and be plain;
Wind not my Weakness up with Preparation,
To make my Passion more extravagant,
It needs it not; I want no Fire to keep my Anger up:
A Royal Spirit has a Pride that feeds it.

Abbot. 'Tis a sad Truth indeed; but so it is,
The Lord of *Clifford's* Daughter, *Rosalind*,
Wears the King's Heart, and you are but a Cypher.

Queen. How know'st thou this, what certainty? ha! speak.

Abbot. This Holy Father is her Confessor.

Bert. What will become of me!

Abbot. With vast reluctance he did reveal it,
Upon my promise I would ne're disclose it;
And now he shakes to find himself betray'd.

Queen. Come hither Priest.

Bert. Oh, Lord!

Queen. Come hither; what do'st start at?
Canst thou conduct me where these Lovers meet?

Bert. Not for the World.

Queen. Better thy Soul were out on't.
Come Abbot, make him guide us
Where in each others Arms this pair are clasp'd,
That I may cut the twisted folds asunder.

Bert. Oh! I shall be hang'd for being of their Council, and be-
traying it afterwards.

[*Aside.*
Abbot.

Abbot. Oh, give not way to this destructive Rage;
We shall be all undone by this rash act:
Have Patience, and see further.

Queen. What! do'st thou lay my body on the fire,
And bid me bear its flames with whining Patience,
When I may quench it with a Rivals Blood?

Abbot. O horrid Resolution!
Would you add Murder to Adultery,
And make your self as wicked as the King?

Queen. Why didst thou tell me then this cursed story?

Bert. Let Heav'n Revenge you.

Queen. I'll not stay so long.

Abbot. The Church shall Right you.

Queen. Both are too tedious for me:
Besides you fear (although you hate) the King,
And as your Interest leads, you will direct:
No, you have light the Brand, and shall partake
The heat on't.

Abbot. Is't fit our Piety should be expos'd in such a shameful cause?
Upon our Knees,

Bert. Ay, upon our Knees;

{ *Kneel.*

Queen. Is't fit your Piety should be expos'd?
Is't fit my Dignity should be abus'd?
Thus still your Churches Credit you'l maintain,
No matter what we suffer, if you Reign:
But since my Soul you've set upon the Rack,
And touch'd my Love, I'll my own measures take,
Give my Eyes proof of what your Tongues have told;
Think not to shun me, by your Robes I'll hold;
And if I find my Peace you have abus'd,
Never were Hereticks so basely us'd
By your Church Tyranny, as you shall be by me;
Away, be gone, lead on, avaunt Hipocrisy.

[*Exeunt, turning to each, and pushing Bertrard.*

Scene opens, Rosamond Reading.

Rosam. How am I alter'd! how estrang'd of late!
Virtue has ta'en her flight, and Innocence,
The bright, the only Jewel of the Sex,
Flies this polluted place as from Infection.
Oh! Honour, what a dreadful loss thou art,
And yet how hard to keep from what we Love!
How dismal 'tis to think of what I've done!
Should he prove false now, change like other Men,
And only Triumph o're his Wretched Conquest,
How much more dreadful will my loss appear!

Oh!

Oh! could Men guess the terror we endure,
What 'twixt our Honour and our Love we suffer,
They sure would prize each generous Maid much more,
And, as their Souls, indulge them to the last.

Aspatia.

Aspa. Madam.

Rosa. Sing me that Song I gave thee th'other day,
And if thou canst, charm me into a slumber.

Enter Abbot and Queen.

Abbot. Behold your Rival, and survey her glory;
But not a word of *Bertrard*, or of me.

Queen. Be gone.

Abbot. No; I'll behold the rancour of thy Malice,
Thy thirst of Blood, and most insatiate Fury.
Now *Rosamond* thou diest, or else Revenge
Lags in its Course; No, run thy full career,
The master stroke of my designs lie here.

Rosa. What do I see! or is't an Apparition!
My Blood runs backward to my frightned Heart,
And something tells me that my Fate is near.

Queen. Appear thou Fairy Queen, and summon up
Thy Host of Spirits to defend their Charge;
For I am come to snatch away thy Glories,
Dissolve thy Charms, and hurl thee to destruction.

Rosa. Why, Madam, this to me? What have I done
To move those Frowns, or urge these angry words?

Queen. You to my Anger are it seems a stranger,
But with my Rights are very intimate:
What canst thou see defective in this Face,
That you dare vye for Place, or hope for Conquest?

Rosa. You plunge me still in wonder and amazement!
I ever pay'd that awful Head such Duty
As is expected by a Crown from Subjects:
But if some evil Tongue has blacken'd me,
To make me odious in your Royal looks,
I cannot help the baseness of my Foes;
But I shall still adore, tho' I am scorn'd.

Queen. Oh! that this wretch, this indigested heap
Of crouding Beauties, which do each outvie
For Place and Praise from the admiring World,
Should have a Soul so unworthy of its Frame;
How poorly dost thou strive to hide thy Faults,
And shake for what the better part o'th' Sex would boast of.
Last Night, last Night, canst thou deny the Blessing,
When in the Arms of my most Treacherous Lord

You Laugh'd and Revell'd the short hours away,
Whil'ft I in ignorance expecting lay?

Rofa. Oh, I am loft!

Queen. Thou art indeed:
But my Revenge is starv'd;
Thy Life's too little to appeafe its hunger:
I would contrive fome way, if poffible,
To be as long in torturing thy Soul,
As the Remembrance of thy Crimes will mine.

Rofa. Will you not hear me fpeak?

Queen. What canft thou plead,
What urge in thy Defence, thou guilty fair one?
Haf't thou not Rob'd me of my Souls beft thought?
For ever torn my intereft from his Love?
Script me of all my Wifhes, all my Joys,
Deafned his Ears to my complaining Soul,
And lock'd up every paffage to his Heart?

Rofa. I fhun'd him, long was deaf to his defires,
Avoided him as an approaching Plague,
For well I faw the fatal confequence:
To an excefs of Rudeneſs I abjur'd him;
Nay, yet have only liſtned to his Love.

Queen. By Hell 'tis falſe: thou haſt enjoy'd it to.
Think'ſt thou to blunt my Rage by this denial?
No, I am too well convinc'd of what is paſt:
Therefore prepare thy ſelf for what's to come.

[Draws a Dagger.

Rofa. Oh! Mercy.

Queen. Mercy,
Canſt thou deſire to live, and I in being!
Methinks thou ſhould'ſt intreat me to diſpatch,
Conſidering what a Plague I ſhall be to thee:
When firſt I heard the Name of *Rofamond*,
I thought to find an Amazonian Spirit,
One that dar'd Cope with injur'd Maſteſty,
And ſtand the proof who beſt deſerv'd a King:
But I have err'd, for he has choſen one,
The Relict of ſome poor half ſtarv'd Plebean,
Dreſs'd up with Pageant greatneſs, to allure
the Roving Appetite of a looſe King.

Rofa. I held as Rich, as Pure, and Noble Blood
As any of my Sex, till this Curs'd change
Sullied my Veins, and ſtain'd my Family.

Queen. The Sacrifice will be the Nobler for't:
Prepare.

[Holds the Dagger up.

Rofa. Muſt I then dye?
Is there no pity left?

Queen.

Queen. Banish the thought, Mercy and I are Strangers:
Yet e're thou goest, I charge thee to abjure his Name,
Quit all Pretensions to him,
Curse him before the Pangs of Death come on,
For hurrying thee to Hell before thy time.

Rosa. No, I will bless him to my utmost gasp,
Groan forth his Name, as he has sigh'd out mine;
Think on the Kneeling hours he has wept away,
The many charming words that mov'd my Heart,
The mighty changes that my Smiles and Frowns
Have rais'd in his expecting, doubtful Soul;
The Transports of his Trembling, Fierce Embraces,
And hug him with such eagerness to Heav'n.

Queen. Then Face thy Doom.

[*Moves forward.*]

Rosa. I do:

I have invok'd the Patron of my Love,
And now the weakness of my Sex has left me;
Since I must die for Love, my Love shall arm me,
I know his hatred must pursue thee for it;
Nay, I believe he will Revenge me too:
But since I know this Act will Curse thee from him,
Live, and be wretched in his Scorn.

Queen. So Arrogant! Sink Tow'ring Sorcerers,

[*Offers to Stab her.*]

Enter King and Sir Tho. Vaughan.

[*The King stops her.*]

King. O, hold! it must not be.

Queen. Why dost thou barr the stroke, ungrateful Man,
Unless thou would'st employ the point on me;
Here, strike, I know thou hatest me *Henry*;
Rip up this Bosom, mangle my fond Heart
That bleeds for thy unkindness; do it quickly,
And shew you have some sparks of pity left.

King. Be calm, my Queen, hush up these jarring Passions;
Let not thy Jealousy exceed thy Reason,
Lest blab-tongu'd Fame should tell the envious World
The frailties of us both.

Queen. Would I were dead.

King. Banish that wish for ever; Oh, *Eleanor*,
If I have Sally'd from great Hymen's Laws,
And surfeited on strange forbidden Fruit,
'Tis I must answer for the great offence;
Why should you seek to stain your purer hands
In Violence and Blood? Why so pollute
Thy Innocence with Infamy and Shame?

Rosa. What is't I hear ! Nay, then would Death had reach'd me.
[*Aside.*]

Queen. How can you flatter thus, and she in hearing ?
I know 'tis only to delude my Rage,
'Tis Nobler killing me, than thus to cheat me ;
When I am gone, without controul
You and your Paramour in Sin may triumph,
While poor neglected I, your slighted Queen,
Sleep quiet in the cold and silent Earth:

King. Oh, dreadful Tryal,
How can I comply with Justice here,
And not destroy what most I covet there ? [*Aside.*]

Rosa. He's at a stand, his Love has time to think :
Nay then, I find he cools, and I am lost. [*Aside.*]

Queen. I do but hinder you from your desires,
And tho' my Soul is put upon the wrack
When I lose any share in your affection,
Yet since you covet it, I will retire.

King. Stay, *Eleanor*, and be convinc'd at last
Thy Power is Absolute, and yields to none ;
That I have Lov'd her, with a blush I own ;
Nay, doated to, with vast excess of longing ;
But sure it was some vile Enchantment rid me :
The Spell's dissolv'd by thy more powerful Charms,
And I'm asham'd of my Infatuation.

Rosa. Oh, faithless, perjur'd, and ungrateful Monster!

Queen. Can this be real ?

King. By Heav'n the Tide of Love has run its highest,
And all Desire is Ebbing.

Queen. But the next flood the torrent will return,
And *Rosamond* break down your Resolution.

King. Impossible :
There is more pureness, sweetness, true delight
In thee, my Queen, than e're I found
In all the Wilds and Salleys of my Life.

Queen. Oh, blessed sound !

King. The World has not thy worth ; for in thee
All that thy Sex can boast of is intire.

Queen. I do believe you, tho' I know 'tis feign'd,
Yet I will seem transported with the change,
And stab my Rival with the sight of it.

King. Come let us hence, and leave this hated place.

Queen. I know this sight must make you envy me ;
But I, in kind return, will pity thee.

Rosa. Oh King, farwell.

[*As they are going Rosamond swoons,*
King turns back.]

Sir Tho.

Sir Tho. O! help, she Swoons.

King. Ha! What is that!

Queen. Only a trick to bring you back again :
A fit o'th' Sullens ; come my Lord away.

King. What! leave her dying, 'twere unnatural.

Rosa. Oh, cruel Man!

Queen. The Syren now begins to tune her Magick,
And betray your Promise.

King. Oh, Rosamond!

Queen. Is this well done, my Lord?

King. 'Twas but the Blair of Love as it expir'd,
And now 'tis gone for ever: Heart keep thy bounds,
And do not shew my falshood at my Eyes;
This is the rigidst Task I ever met with:
I Torture all the Comfort of my Life,
To please the most vexatious thing, a Wife.

[Exeunt.]

Sir Tho. Madam, Madam, won't you speak? The King's gone,
Ben't frigten'd so, 'twas only to blind the Queen;
He Loves you still above all.

Rosa. Why have you call'd me back to misery,
To endless trouble, and eternal sorrow?

Sir Tho. Nay, I don't know what to think on't;
I fear we're undone.

Rosa. Curs'd be the chance that spar'd this hated Life:
Curs'd be the hour when first my Soul gave way,
And drank the Philtre of his baneful Tongue:
May Night for ever cloud me from the World;
May the vile wretched name of *Rosamond*
Sink through the Leaves of Memory for ever.

Sir Tho. Be comforted, good Madam;

(Oh, what will become of me!)

[Aside.]

All may be well yet.

Rosa. Hence Bawd, thou Pensioner of Hell,
Betrayed of all Innocence and Virtue,
Thy Soul must answer for the wrack mine suffers:
Oh, Flattering King! Oh, Curs'd dissembling Sex;
That can for Months and Years lye at our Feet,
And Sigh and Swear, Adore us, and Intreat;
Promise whatever we'll Impose, Invent,
And look as what they said they really meant;
But when our frail and tender tempers move
To Recompence with what their Souls most Love;
So quickly with the long'd for Feast they're cloy'd;
That always she that gave it was destroy'd.

[Exit.]

Sir Tho. So, now have I time to repent before
I'm hang'd; and that's all.

Enter

Enter Abbot.

Abbot. Confusion on this Reconcilement ! all's undone !
Who's that ? *Sir Thomas Vaughan* ? Oh, I'll work him.
How is't, *Sir Thomas* ?

Sir Tho. Why, preparing for the other World, Father,
And you are come to give me a helping hand :
'Tis very hard, we can neither live without you,
Nor die without you.

Abbot. Oh, I guess what you mean ; the Discov'ry
Of *Rosamond*, and the King being reconcil'd
To the Queen, makes you apprehend her Anger
May be fatal : but fear not, I'll make your
Peace there.

Sir Tho. Why you might do a good thing for once in your life:

Abbot. I will. But do you think this Change i'th' King is real ?

Sir Tho. I hope not.

Abbot. I'm sure not ; he's gone into his Closet,
And has left the Queen abruptly ; follow him,
And I'll attend the Queen ; we'll meet an hour
Hence, and then confer.

[*Exit.*

Sir Tho. With all my heart. I'm more glad to hear they're parted
already, than the Queen could be at his leaving *Rosamond*. Cheer up,
Sweet-heart, he's thine still : What a Pox ! he hang'd in the first year
of my Pimping ! How should Favourites get Estates at that rate ? For
all this, I don't like this same Abbot : I thought there was no good to-
wards, when I saw Him and the Queen coming to this place ; and
therefore call'd the King to prevent the Mischief I fear'd. This may be
a Lye of his and only a design to send me to the King just now in his
rage, to dispatch me immediately. No matter, I'll venture.

*For if the King holds his honest Intention,
I'll thank him to hang me, for I'm sure of no Pension.*

[*Exit.*

ACT. IV.

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SCENE I.

Enter Abbot.

Abbot. **T**HUS to be shipwreck'd in the sight of Harbor,
Just when I'd perfected my great Design,
Throws up the Gall with that impetuous force,
I burn, I rave, I shall grow made with Anger.
Had she been murder'd, what a Scene had follow'd!
What wild Distractions, and ungovern'd Rage!
All would have been embroil'd. Should now the King
(As possibly he may) find out the drift,
Ruin, Eternal Ruin were my Doom.
I was afraid of *Bertrard*; but he's firm,
Fix'd to my Cause, and yielding to my Will.
Let me consider.——Ha! the King!

Enter King, Verulam (as from France) Suffex, Aumerle, Guards, &c.

King. Are all his Vows of Duty, Loyalty,
Obedience come to this; Surely the Clime's Infected,
The Witchcraft of Rebellion taints the Air,
And all who breath it suck the foul pollution.

Abbo. Sure there is mischief towards, ha! *Verulam*!
Nay, then my Friends in *France* have match'd my wishes.

Veru. The whole design was form'd long since in Hell;
It was so black, the Instruments so many,
We scarce had Landed, when the factious People,
Headed by their Officious, Fauning Guides,
With Universal Acclamations welcom'd
His safe Arrival; Every one outvied
Which should be foremost in his Adoration:
They look'd upon him as one sent from Heav'n
To be their Patron, their Deliverer.

King. Go on.

Veru. Still as we pass through any Town or Village,
The Windows, Tops of Houses swarm'd with people
To gaze upon the entrance of their Deity.

King. The usual method of the Giddy Rabble.

Veru.

Veru. When we had reach'd the City, at the Gates
 A Train of sleek, smooth, beauteous Youths appear'd,
 The Ganimedes and Hylasses o'th' Covents
 Array'd like Angels all in purest white:
 These past; a numerous Host of Lazy Singing-men
 Chanted out *Io Peans*, in his praise:
 Behind, in Ranks, the Jolly well-fed Brothers
 O'th' several Orders, in their Sacred Vestments,
 The Banners of their Founders still display'd;
 Trudg'd heavily along; each lolling on his Fellow
 With Reverend Waddle, blowing as they stalk'd,
 Puff'd out his Name, and bless'd the good young Prince.

King. Ten thousand Devils tear 'em for't.

Abbot. Ten thousand Angels hug 'em for't.

Veru. Thus it continued till we gain'd the Palace,
 Where a new Scene begins; The Crouds of Gentry!
 That waited there to offer Fealty,
 Would poze Arithmetick to sum 'em up.
 These offer'd him the Crown.

King. How now!

Abbot. Why, now 'tis as it should be.

Veru. He thankfully accepted the kind offer,
 Embrac'd 'em, spoke 'em fair, and promis'd fairer;
 Nay, at their parting, fervilely attended 'em,
 Even to the outward Gate of the throng'd Court.

Abbot. Bless'd be the Priests that taught him so much breeding.

Veru. The Ceremonious day now being ended,
 And he withdrawn to rest, I thought it time
 To speak my Soul, and let him know his Error.

King. How did he bear it from you?

Veru. Knitting his Brows, with a Majestick Frown
 He told me, I was Sawcy, Malepert,
 And border'd upon Treason; He was of Age,
 Nor did he want a Tutor; Bad me be gone
 On forfeit of my Life: Then laying his hand
 Upon his Sword, he let these words escape:
 Think'st thou I will refuse the gift of Heav'n,
 And what the People court me to possess?
 No: I'll assert my Right against the World:
 And here shake off all curbing tyes of Blood.

King. No more;

He shall be whip'd into his Duty, *Verulam*,
 What! dare me to the Combat, Insolent Boy;
 He shall not find I am enervated,
 Let all the Ports immediately be stop'd,
 Set up the Royal Standard, Summon all into the Field,
 'Tis I, your King, Command it.

[To Suffex.

[To Aumerle.

I'll

I'll face this Rebel, meet this young Usurper;
Scourge from the Earth this Pest of Human kind,
And be a Terror to the Universe.
But haste, see all things got in readiness,
I will set forth to morrow.

Verul. I fly, my Lord.

[*Exeunt all but the King and Abbot.*]

King. Oh *Rosalmond*!

The Wrongs that I have done thee, cry aloud;
The horrid Vows and fearful Imprecations
By which I won thy Virtue to compliance,
Have made Appeal to a more righteous Judge,
And fall in Showrs of Vengeance on my Head.

Abbot. This is above my Wishes. Up, Dissimulation;
Sweet Flattery, with all thy Pomp attend my words,
That I may gain belief.

[*Seems to weep.*]

King. How! can he weep? are Miracles not ceas'd?

Abbot. Who can forbear, that shall behold you thus
Loaded with Grief, o'er-press'd with Miseries?
The most invet'rate Heathen to our Faith,
The Stranger to Humanity or Pity,
Would grow a Statue, turn a *Niobe*,
If he but knew how much the King was injur'd.

King. Oh wondrous Conversion!

Abbot. I came to gratulate the Victory
O'er your unlawful Love,
And thought to find you bright, serene and gay,
Shining with Lustre, crown'd with a Reward;
Not all the Noble Virtues of your Soul
Hurry'd into a Storm. Oh dismal sight!

King. Am I so alter'd then from what I was?
Look, view me well; I find no alteration;
My Pulse keeps time, my Vigor is the same,
And I am now as much the King as ever.

Abbot. Your looks are still August, your Person Sacred:
Yet, when the Sun is mantled up in Clouds,
And day shuts in before the wonted Hour:
People are struck with Wonder and Amazement,
With Fear observe, and doubt the dreadful Change.

King. You would infer, it seems, I am eclips'd:
But as that Sun you mention'd does regain
From dismal Darkn'ess a more splendid Light;
Ev'n so will I, spight o'th' United Power
Of Hell and Earth, conspir'd against my Crown,
Though my rash Son heads their Rebellious Rage.

Abbot. What says my Lord?
Sure the sweet Prince is innocent.

King. Thou seem'st a Stranger to't.

Abbot. I heard that Mutiny was on the Wing,
And Treason Lacquey'd it on ev'ry side;
But that your Son, Him whom you made so Great,
Should side with 'em, is most Unnatural.

King. He is proclaim'd their King, and I a Tyrant.

Abbot. Indeed! Is't possible! O piercing Sound!
My trembling Knees give way, they shake with Horror.

King. If this bare Tale can pierce thy flinty Breast,
Call up Remorse and pity to those Eyes;
If thou should'st know the Burden of my Life,
'Twould sink thee quick into eternal Darkness.

Abbot. Alas! I pity you! Indeed I do.
Heav'n knows how much I grieve for your Afflictions.

King. Do I not stand accurs'd at Rome for Murther,
Though all good Men do know my Innocence?
My Son Rebels, and an unnat'ral War is at the door,
While wild Distraction reigns within my Palace.
But these I could endure:

But, Oh! the loss of *Rosamond*! that's Mortal.

Abbot. Indeed, my Lord, it is a mighty Trial,
Thus to cast off the lovely beauteous Creature,
Whose Soul was fraught with Dotage on your Person,
Whose all of Study was your Royal Pleasure.

King. Has Beauties Power then influenc'd thy Breast?

Abbot. I would not soil that Beauty with Detraction;
Nay, I must pity, though I dare not help her;
Could almost wish I were of Temporal Kind,
To shew how I would strive to serve you both.

King. Oh charitable Father! now thou work'st me;
Preach on this Subject, I will ever listen:
My Soul as to an Oracle shall trust,
And with implicit Faith I'll ever serve thee.

Abbot. As I'm a Man, I must confess
I do admire the Sex, though I'm deny'd 'em;
Pity the tender Fair, when in distress,
And fancy, if I had ever Lov'd,
'Twould have destroy'd me to have lost the Charmer:
But *Rosamond*, indeed, she is a wonder;
The Single Fondling of the Universe:
Her Sexes envy, and the Pride of Heav'n.

King. Wonder on, wonder still.

Abbot. I said, the Fondling of the Universe.
The senceless Babe, when in its Nurses Arms
He sees her pass, springs forward towards the fair one,
Leaves the lov'd Breast to gaze upon her Face:
Nay, even the wither'd, Antiquated Sire,

Half dead with Age, and hanging on his Crutch,
If he beholds her, feels new Sap shoot up,
His shrivell'd Veins enlarge, and Strength comes on ;
Forgets his Props, and Limps to worship her.

King. Art thou my Rival, ha ?

Abbot. Who ? I my Lord!

King. None but a Lover could describe her thus ;
And yet thy praise falls short of her perfection :
Thou yet hast only touch'd her outward Charms ;
But, Oh! the inward beauties of the Mind,
The temper of her Soul, sure none can match :
So mild a Nature, and so soft a Frame,
So sweet a Spirit, so secure from Anger,
That even Oppression scarce can taint her calmness :
One would believe Patience and Courtesy
Had left the rest o'th' World, and center'd there.

Abbot. Yet after all these Graces which you've nam'd,
To leave her, 'tis a matchless Virtue sure.

King. Ha! Leave her said'st thou ? Is't possible ?
Speak Father, and be merciful a little,
'Tis not a dreadful Sin to Love this Angel ?
Heav'n should be worship'd.

Abbot. You are Married.

King. Curse on the horrid Yoak.

Abbot. And yet ———

King. What? Oh, Comfort Priest, and I'll resign my Crown ;
The Church shall govern all. *[Sure that will bribe thee]. Aside.*

Abbot. 'Twas a strange Marriage ; She only was Divorc'd
When you espouz'd her, — She partly was anothers.

King. Nay, I did never think our Marriage Lawful ;
What think you Holy Sir?

Abbot. I dare not Answer.

King. Nay, do not leave me here thus doubting.

Abbot. 'Tis not an Office suiting with my Function,
To sow a difference. ———

King. No, make up one, where Love is most concern'd.

Abbot. Ask a Civilian.

King. Ha!

Abbot. What have I said! alas, I meant not so. ———

King. Nay, fly not back, By Heav'n I've caught thy words,
And hold 'em fast in memory : I will have ease immediately.

Abbot. Have patience, Sir, let not my folly ———

King. In vain you urge ; By Heav'n I'll know how far
I can be free :

Why have I cherish'd up this Plague so long?
I coupled with a fury when I Married,
Compar'd to *Rosamond*, that All of sweetness :

We have ingender'd Vipers, which dire brood
Suck'd from the Mother Gall instead of Milk;
They thirst for Blood, and hunger after Life,
But I will shake 'em from me, yes, I will:
This storm once past, all shall be hush and calm.

Abbot. I have out-gone the Rules of Holy Orders;
My over Zeal made me forget my self.

King. I lose not the Reputation you have gain'd,
Nor strive to alter what I have decreed,
She shall be mine; the Goddess shall be mine,
Tho' half the Isle fall as a Sacrifice.
Spight of all Laws both Human and Divine,
I'll win my Love, or perish at her Shrine.

[*Ex. King.*

Abbot. He's caught:
The great Leviathan is caught;
Now let him Roar, and fill the Air with clamour,
Spout up an Ocean, lash himself with Rage,
And Foam with smart of his deep piercing Wounds.
Oh! thou dear Manes of my Patron *Becket*,
If what I'm doing's worthy in thy Eye,
Smile on thy Vassal toying for Revenge.

Enter Queen and Attendants.

Queen. He is abus'd, some Villain has abus'd him,
His Temper's easie as the Down of *Turtles*,
Fitter for Dallyance and a Lady's Chamber,
Than the rude hardships of destructive War.
What say you, Father, is he not impos'd on?
Some Parasite, some most officious Knave,
Whose Trade of Life is falshood, has been busy
About the King, and whisper'd his undoing.

Abbot. I wish I knew the Villain for your sake;
But there's no hopes appearing,
A fearful Combination holds against us,
Of many Heads and Hands in this design,
All which are Rivitted to our Destruction.

Queen. Do'st thou suspect my Son?

Abbot. Not for the World.

I have examin'd thorowly the Cause
Of this Disorder, and I find, or else
My Judgment errs, His being well receiv'd
By the kind *Normans* was the source of all:
And envious *Verulam*, who was impos'd
Over the Prince to snub him like a School-boy.

Queen.

Queen. What says the Father. Was he planted with him
To overlook, and govern all his Actions?

Abbot. So the King design'd ;
But the Brave Youth finding his insolence,
Discharg'd his Diligence, sent him fretting home,
Fraught with Complaints, for being justly slighted ;
Nor has he wanted to incense the King,
With a feign'd Tale, larded with suppositions,
That he aspires the Sovereign Power of Rule.

Queen. But sure, good Father, this is not all,
There's some more powerful Cause ;
Why else this noise of Drums, and sound of Trumpets ?
This hurry and confusion in the Court ?

Abbot. Ah, Madam, there's a Mystery in that
Which few Men know, and those can't prevent it.

Queen. Do not conceal a tittle from me.

Abbot. The Subject will offend you.

Queen. Nothing but silence can.

Abbot. Pray give me leave humbly to ask a Question,
How parted you this Morning ?

Queen. With all the kindness, tenderness imaginable ;
The long Arrears of Love are fully pay'd,
And I suspect no more.

Abbot. Then I have done.

Queen. 'Tis possible you thought
He long'd and hanker'd after *Rosamond* ;
No: His Hearts mine, he gave me full possession ;
And I'll secure none shall invade the Trust.

Abbot. What pity 'tis such Goodness should be wrong'd!

Queen. Ha ! saidst thou ?

Abbot. Nothing.

Queen. Nay, there is something in thee which must out :

Abbot. Why, would you know what would destroy your rest ?

Queen. I charge thee by the Sanction of thy Robe
Speak, tell me quickly, think'st thou he is false ?

Abbot. Where did you leave him ?

Queen. Going to Council.

Abbot. He by this, no doubt, has both received and given good
Advice.

Queen. Of whom ? To whom ?

Abbot. Of *Rosamond*, his Minion,
Who sits enthron'd, and shining like a Goddess
Within the Glorious Mansion he has built
At *Woodstock*: There uncontroul'd she dictates,
And he as readily obeys the Task.

Queen. She chose that place for her Retirement.

Abb. A Cloister had been fitter.

There with strict Discipline she might be humble;
But here she Riots in Excess.

Queen. That I should spare her Life.

Abb. It was good Nature, but not Policy.

I cannot speak for Tears when I behold you,
To think what Villanies are hatch'd against you;
You and your Royal Issue are undone,
Unless the Gods be kind.

[Weeps.]

Queen. Is't possible!

Abb. All of us are Embarqu'd in one Calamity;
The Church, as well as you, must bear her share.

Queen. How! Where? In what?

Abb. He cannot introduce his Innovation,
His curst design of Modelling the Church,
Without Divorcing you.

Queen. Why dost thou fear it?

Abb. If he returns Victorious, as well he may,
Since the Designs his own, then comes the Trial,
And *Rosamond* succeeds *Queen Eleanor*.

Queen. I shiver with the dreadful apprehension;
But sure, how e'r I suffer, he will not wrong his Children.

Abb. He that will do the one, may do the other,
While his Lust flames high:

You see already, what a specious means
He takes, to blast their growing Reputation.
Come, let me tell you, that it seems to me
To be the Prelude of their Sacrifice.

Queen. No, *Rosamond*, the King, my self, and thee;
Nay, all the World shall perish, e'r that happen.
I shall grow Wild; I feel Distraction pressing:
I'll stab her instantly.

Abb. You must not;

'Tis a noisy Death, 'twill make a Clamor
'Mongst the common People, and sully your good Name.

Queen. Why, would you have her Live?

Abb. No, by no means.

She's a rank Heretick, deserves to suffer
The worst of Deaths, and feel severest Torments;
Why do I side thus with you else, but to
Inform you how to prevent yours,
And the Churches Fate? 'Twill be a Meritorious Act,
A Glorious Deed, and Heaven must, sure, Applaud,
Its Ministers of Justice.

Queen. How! Shall she dye then?

Abb. As Vermin do by Poison:

It makes no noise, and is a certain Servant.

Queen. But when?

Abb. Not till to morrow,
When the Kings absence will Assist
The Undertaking.

Queen. How shall we gain Admission to the Bower?

Abb. Leave that to me: *Bertrard*, her Confessor,
Who time from time has been my Tool, my Engine,
• Shall be the Instrument to Dole the Bane,
And we, as standers by, behold the Deed.

Queen. By Heav'n! I'll have the pleasure on't my self;
From my own Hand she shall the Potion Drink,
For being my Rival, 'twill torment her more.
And I will Triumph o'r her sinking Soul,
Disturb her Dying with my Husbands Name,
Plague her with thinking she must leave him mine;
And lest the Poison too much haste should make,
I'll *Henry* Sing to keep her Pains awake.

[*Ex. Queen.*

Abb. And if her Vengeance from its purpose start,
Stars! 'tis your fault, I'm sure I've done my part.

[*Ex. Abbot.*

Enter King and Rosamond.

King. Is't possible, that such a cruel Thought
Could ever harbour with my *Rosamond*?
Did you not see constraint in every part?
The Agony that Nature suffer'd under,
Fearing the Jealousy of an Incensed Queen?

Rosa. Away.

King. As one who views his Friend, seiz'd for a Crime
Which he himself was equal Partner in,
He cunningly insinuates to the Croud,
Sides with their Prejudice and Clamors loudest,
Till by degrees he moulds 'em to his purpose,
And, as a Stranger, pitying the Offence,
Flatters their surly Natures to dismiss him:
So I, by seeming to abhor thy Guilt,
Shelter'd my own, and skreen'd thee from her Rage.

Rosa. You sav'd me from the Rack to Dye by Fire;
Preserv'd me only from her Jealousy,
To suffer by your greater Perjury.
No; I'm convinc'd you never lov'd at all,
Or else so little, you your self scarce knew it.

King. By Heav'n, I Love thee more than Love can speak;
My Soul's uneasy with the vast excess.
It fain would throw its fondness in thy Bosom:
It languishes with pain to tell its Pleasure.

It swells with every touch as it would burst :
 It longs to speak what it can ne'r express.
 Desire is over-taken by Desire ;
 Like Waves they swallow up each other still,
 And Wishes, like the Sands, are numberless.

Rosa. With Words, like these, you first over-power'd my Weakness,
 Drew me to base compliance with your Falshood,
 To loss of Honour, Kindred, Friends and Fame,
 And yet, methought, I never should have miss'd 'em.
 I found no want whilst I had *Henry's* Love,
 But wanting that, the World is Barren to me :
 Love, like a rough-bred Warrior, almost starv'd,
 So full was bent on one reviving Meal,
 It satiated with greediness, not feeding,
 And being in haste forgot its Benefactor.

King. But Gratitude has met me in the way,
 And sent me back to pay my Thanks to Love :
 Oh ! Pardon then those Errors fear Created,
 And let the inward Friendship of my Soul,
 Plead for the outward coldness of Behaviour.

Rosa. Oh Flattering Sex ! whose Tongues are at Command
 To Conquer still, what e'r their Hearts desire !
 Why, why, ye Powers, did you on Man bestow
 Such an unbounded fence, to win our fondness,
 And yet so little Honour to Indulge it ?
 His Tongue has Charms equal to his Embraces,
 And one is by the other still reliev'd,
 That there's no end of Pleasure where he is.

King. Relentless Creature ! Is this Womans usage ?
 Can that Divinity hear so unmov'd ?
 Some cursed Fiend has stoln upon thy Sleep,
 And chang'd the Nature of my *Rosalind*.
 What is it you could think to ask of me,
 But I'd have granted it before 'twas Nam'd ?
 Wilt thou not speak ? Must I begone for ever ?
 What ! Not a look to tell me I may stay ?
 If thy proud Heart's too stubborn to express it,
 Give me a doubtful glance to keep me here.
 All ! All are shut 'gainst my intreating Prayers !
 Farewel then, since there is no glimpse of Comfort.
 My Soul's turn'd Woman, I must ask again.
 Yet, *Rosalind*, one Word. She's fix'd !
 Oh that some Power would Rivet us for ever
 Within each others view,
 That she, like me, might have no other Object.
 Yet e'r I go, for ever *Rosalind*—

[Retires.

Rosa.

Rosa. What is it you would have me speak?

King. Why any thing that will excuse my staying.

Rosa. I cannot look upon you.

King. Then turn away, talk to thy self:

Let me but hear thee, if I must not see thee.

Rosa. Why should you tempt me to believe agen,

Only to load me with a new affliction?

Could I be satisfied——but 'tis impossible,

So we must part; there is no Remedy.

King. 'Tis a sad Truth indeed: Part! 'tis resolv'd!

Alas, I only came to take my leave,

But fain I would have parted Friends with thee,

Because I thought I had no Friend beside.

Rosa. And could you think parting would make us Friends?

King. No, but I thought our meeting might.

Rosa. Then why d'ye talk of parting?

King. I know not what I talk of; any thing, let us but talk.

Rosa. Better be silent, sure, than talk of that.

King. Why must we not then part?

Rosa. Oh never, *Henry*! I can hold no longer!

Be false, or faithful, I must love thee ever.

If we must part, be't all upon thy Head!

For thus I am resolv'd to live or dye.

[*Embraces.*]

King. Then let thy Arms grow round me:

Into thy Soul press mine: Tye 'em so fast,

That one may never stir without the other.

Oh! now my Trial comes. Heart, bear this shock,

And nothing, sure, can hurt thee.

[*Aside.*]

Rosa. Why d'you tremble?

Your Blood is Summon'd from your Cheeks

By some strange Call; or have I press'd too hard,

And kiss'd it from 'em?

King. It will not out.

Rosa. What will not?

King. Fate has so order'd.

Rosa. How has Fate order'd? Oh! my Soul boads Ruin!

King. I'll call it by a gentler Name than parting.

Rosa. Nothing that's gentle is ally'd to it.

King. We must separate.

Rosa. Not when my Arms grow round thee.

King. My Stars have loos'd 'em.

Rosa. 'Tis false, they clasp thee still.

King. My Son, in whom I plac'd intire Repose,

Has cast off Duty, and now Heads Rebellion!

The Faction's Clergy all applaud the Act!

His Mother knows, but softens the vile Treason!

And if the Current be'nt with speed turn'd off,

'Twill burst the Barriers of our Love for ever.

Rosa. Let me go with you.

King. Impossible!

Thy tender Body cannot brook such usage,
As the Necessity of War throws on us.

Rosa. I'll like a Page attend you where you go,
Run by your side, and Watch your Sleeping hours,
And in the Fight I'll always meet your Danger:
I'll step before you as your Fate approaches,
That when the God of War beholds my daring,
And sees he must through me create his Conquest,
Honour shall find it self out-done by Love,
And blushing reverse your Destiny.

King. Oh wondrous Constancy!

Heav'n! Art thou not asham'd to let us want each other?
But we must bear it:

Our present pain will make our future Joy,
And to shew much of Love is much to suffer.
Within this Bower, which purposely I fram'd
For thy security, thou shalt remain;
The Labyrinths conveyance none does know
But *Vaughan*,

He, and thy Confessor, are all shall wait thee.

Rosa. Alas, I shall not need'em.

King. Why?

Rosa. Oh! I shall never see thy Face again!
An evil Dream this Morning entertain'd me,
And now it is confirm'd.

King. Divert those fears, for I shall come again:
I've made a vow to Heav'n, in thy behalf,
And sure 'twill Guard us till it is perform'd.
I'm call'd; once more into thy Arms, and
Then to War. Farewel.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

Rosa. Nay, let me see thee to the Gates.
Let my fond Eyes the most o'th' Object make:
Oh that they could such a long slumber take,
That I, thy absence, might in sleep beguile,
Then wake to run with a transported smile,
And meet thee at thy last returning Mile.

}
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. V.

King of England.
A C T. V.

43

Enter Abbot and Bertrard.

Abbot. **I**T must be done ; there is no other way :
We must launch out, or split upon the Rock
Of her Displeasure.

Bert. Ay, but the King!

Abbot. Fear not ; the Wind sits fair, and the auspicious Gale
Will in few hours waft him to *Normandy*.

Bert. Ay, ay ; You've fed me up all along with Fancies, and made
me believe the Lord knows what, that I should be promoted and ad-
vanc'd : I'm in a very fair way indeed, if Hanging will do't.

Abbot. The lucky hour is come, accept the Offer,
And be what thou desirest.

Bert. What, because I'm *Rosamond's* Confessor, and have the Privilege
of the Bowr, you persuade me to make my self a Property to the Queens
Revenge, and be accessary to the Death of my sweet Charge ?

Abbot. You take me for a Villain then, it seems.

Bert. It seems somewhat scurvily ; Not that I take You for one, but
I'm afraid I shall be so.

Abbot. Go to ; you are to blame, and I must chide you.
What, think you I'd impose a Falshood on you,
Upon the Man I love, my Confident ?

Bert. Oh, she's a furious Queen ! I shall never forget what a fright
she put me in ; I am not come to my self yet, nay, 'tis a question whe-
ther ever I shall.

Abbot. I tell thee, she's a perfect Convert, Brother ;
Moves with my Will, and acts as I direct.
Come, shall I tell thee why she courts this visit ?
I have enjoyn'd it as a Penance to her,
To mortifie her Pride, and haughty Humour,
And work, if possible, a Change in Nature.
Where thou fear'st Danger, thou shalt find it calm
As Peace it self.

Bert. This is wonderful !

Abbot. The tim'rous *Rosamond* shall be surpriz'd,
And with the Arms of Clemency embrac'd ;
The Lioness and Lamb shall yoke together.

Bert. Ay, but can it be lasting ?

Abbot. My Life for't.
Mark what I say, and thou shalt find it Truth :
This Queen thou dread'st, shall daily visit her,
Condole their sep'rate Loss in *Henry's* Absence ;
Nay, with the Bowl of Plenty shall caress her ;

G 2,

Each

Each day shall still beget new marks of Friendship,
As this must usher in the happy Union.

Bert. Why this is from one Extreme to th'other :
Can Magnificent Majesty condescend to this ?

Abbot. You soon shall be convinc'd : See there,
I've been her Purveyor already :
Choice Wines and Fruits, the best of Nature's Store,
Are ready to Regale the fair Recluse.
Come, will you do the Office of a Friend,
Or shall I tell the Queen of your refusal ?

Bert. Oh, no, no, by no means. (I believe he's in earnest, and I will not baulk my Fortune. *Aside.*) But do you really think in your Soul I shall ever live to be an Abbot ?

Abbot. The Mitre waits thy own acceptance, *Bertrard.*

Bert. Why truly a Mitre's a fine thing ; next to a Crown there's nothing above it ; nay, I have often known the Mitre govern the Crown ; and really 'tis great to govern a Crown ; 'tis part of the Churches Prerogative : and though I am but a little Abbot, I shall be a tite Abbot, and the World is not over-stock'd with tite Abbots. Well, Father, I am all Obedience, I'll do't.

Abbot. About it then.

Bert. What just now at this minute ! ha !

Abbot. Why dost thou tremble so ?

Bert. Cold, only Cold, nothing else. There's no going back now, I have given my promise ; but my mind misgives me plaguily. If she murders *Rosamond*, I must certainly make up the Chorus : and if, instead of a Mitre to enlighten my Brow, I should have a Halter to encircle my Neck, Oh Lord !

Abbot. Who waits ?

Enter two Servants.

Bert. Who are these, ha ? They look terribly. That Fellow has a dreadful Cut-throat Countenance.

Abbot. They are my Servants.

Bert. I never saw 'em before.

Abbot. What then ?

Bert. Nay, be not angry, I'm ready. — Sure this Abbot cannot have the heart to murder one of his Brethren, when I am no hindrance to his Preferment. *Aside.* — My Lord !

Abbot. What say you ?

Bert. Is the Queen ready ?

Abbot. At hand.

Bert. Sir *Thomas* is dev'lish Jealous ; you must keep out of sight till I've secur'd him ; if he sees us, I'm undone.

Abbot. Oh ! fear not.

[*Ex. Bert. with the Ruffians.*]

The Fool's grown troublesom and dangerous,
Too fearful, too inquisitive to live.

Therefore

Therefore I've sent him on this speedy Errand.
I hope his Curiosity will tempt him
To taste both Wine and Fruit ; all which are poyson'd
Beyond the reach of Art to remedy.
'Tis not improbable but he may urge her
To follow the Example of her Granum.
But say this Project fails, what then must second?
A Dagger must complete the erring Potion.
Remov'd she must be, let come on't what will ;
There is no middle Course in doing ill.

Enter Queen and Attendants.

Queen. What, at a loss, my Friend, my Oracle?
Is this a time for thinking?

Abbot. 'Twas for your Service, Madam.

Queen. I believe you, but cannot brook delay:
My Rage boils o'er, and Nature's in a flame;
Fierce as a Tygres that has lost her Young,
I thirst for the Pursuit of the Destroyer.

Abbot. Your Guards must stay behind.

Queen. Why so?

Abbot. They are too numerous, and will breed suspicion.
Besides, I have provided Hands enough,
And nothing's wanting but your Royal Presence
To grace the Scene.

Queen. Now, *Rosalind*, thy last of Life is run:
Since thy Ambition levels at my Crown,
Swift as the first Usurper thou shalt down,
To Molten Seas, and Lakes of Sulph'rous Fire,
Whose Flames are restless as thy own desire ;
Seem always dying, but shalt ne'er expire.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene, The Out-side of the Bowr.

Enter Bertrard and Ruffians.

Bert. Oh, yonder he is. What, ho! *Sir Thomas* !

[*Knocks.*]

Sir Tho. (above.) The Devil's in the Fellow: If a Man were not deaf,
here's noise enough to make him so.

Bert. 'Tis I, your Friend.

Sir Tho. Father *Bertrard* ?

Bertr. The same.

Sir Tho. What Wind drives you hither ?

Bert. A Message from the King, and a Present for the Lady.

Sir Tho. I'm coming, I'm coming.

[*Descends.*]

Bert. My Heart beats still ; I sweat with apprehension : I should
make but an ill Martyr for Religion ; and to die for these Lovers would
be ten times more terrible.

Enter

Enter Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. What have we here, ha! I should have thought a present of Jewels had been more proper than Wine; but may be he thinks it fit she should be kept Maudlin till he return: In with your Luggage Friends.

Bert. What, before you?

Sir Tho. This is no place for Ceremony, I take it therefore.

Troop, or——

[*Ex. Bert. and Ruff.*]

There must be something more than ordinary in this, for he never mention'd a syllable to me; yet now I think on't, Lovers are very apt to forget, and the poor Gentleman was in a strange confusion at parting: Well I'll in and examine the whole. Ha! who comes yonder! the Queen! Gods Life, there's Villany, I'll House presently and secure my Charge.

[*Re-enter Ruff. and Stab him.*]

Murder, Murder.

Enter Queen and Abbot.

Abbot. Drag him to yonder Thicket. Now, Madam, all is safe, and we may enter.

[*Ruff. Drags of Sir Tho. Ex. Queen and Abbot.*]

Enter King, and Verulam Disguis'd.

King. Pity me rather than condemn my frailty,
And spare the rigid censure I deserve;
I cannot rest, some Devils haunt my Soul:
When late last Night I sunk to my repose,
A dreadful Vision entertain'd my slumber;
Poor *Rosalmond* methought was all on fire,
And as I strove to quench the raging object,
The Queen threw Oyl on the expiring Flames,
And made 'em blaze a-fresh with fiercer fury

Veru. 'Tis but the restless passion of your Love.

King. I started from my Dream, and call'd to thee,
Bad thee get Horse, attend me instantly,
And thus unknown we've posted from *Southampton*;
Methinks we have Rid upon the Wind, ha, *Verulam*,
I scarce could feel the speed my Spurs created,
And yet methoughts 'twas a slow pace to Love

Vexu. It is not fit that I dispute your will,
Tho' I could wish, nay, do with all my Soul,
This Ague fit of Love had never seiz'd you;
For by it, you may lose the bless'd occasion
That time e're offer'd to surprize your Foes.

King. Tell me no more of Foes while she's in danger,
For, oh my Soul is Wedded to the Fair,
Whose Power is boundless as her Beauties Charms;
When I would go, there's something holds me back;
Even while I talk, my boding Heart, with more
Than usual fierceness, beats its time,
As if that Life were on the hurry.

Why

Why this cold Dew, which flows from every Pore ?
Why do I tremble thus ?

Surely the Earth suffers the throws of Labour,
And some strange Birth starts forth to view the World.

Ver. Imagination gains upon you, Sir.

King. Ha! Is't not Blood ?

By Heav'n a mighty Tract ! Where is the source ?

Search ! find it out ! I'm on the Rack !

[*They search and drag in*

Am I to blame now, *Verulam* ?

Sir Tho. Vaughan.

Oh, speak ! Where is my Soul ? my Love ? my *Rosamond* ?

Sir Tho. I shall never recover.

King. Say, is she living ? Answer me quickly,
If thou'dst save the King.

Sir Tho. The Queen and Abbot ———

King. The Devil.

Sir Tho. Ay, and his Dam too, they have maul'd me.

King. Force open the Doors.

Ver. Impossible ! the means are wanting.

King. Would I have answer'd so to *Verulam* ?

To thy Relief I would have added Wings.

Would I had Men, not Walls, to Combat with !

With my keen Sword I'd hew a passage through !

Spight of all opposition force my way,

And from the Harpies Talons snatch the Prey.

[*Ex. K. and Veru*

Sir Tho. Gently, gently, good Gentlemen, I shall reach my Journey
end soon enough. If the King does force in, and my Life keeps in
company so long, I would fain see my self Reveng'd on this Damn'd
Abbot.

Gent. Will you not be dress'd, Sir, you may recover ?

Sir Tho. No, I'm past the Cure of a Salve-dauber, would I had
the Grace to ask Pardon for my Sins : But I have put off my Repen-
tance as I us'd to do my Business, till the last hour, and now I'm hur-
ried to the Devil at a moments warning ! Softly, good Sirs, softly. [*Ex*

S C E N E, *the Bower.*

Enter Rosamond and Bertrard.

Rosa. You have remov'd the Mist of my Offences,
Which, like a Cloud, ascended up to Heav'n,
And hinder'd all my Prayers from being heard.
How willingly could I relinquish Life !
Part with this wretched Being ! and for ever,
Within the Earth's cold Womb, contented lye ?

Bert. Have you a mind to destroy your self ? Go to, you're to
blame ; by my Order you are. What ! spoil that pretty face with
whimpering, and crying, for a little Absence ?

Rosa. I am miserable, Father ! A lost Creature !
For all the comfort of my Life is gone !

The Sun has left the Horizon, and I,
Like those who live under the Frozen Pole,
Am now all Darkness, Horror and Confusion.

Bert. He'll return, I warrant thee, speedily; he can't live without you. You're the Apple of his Eye, the Joy of his Heart, the Lamp of his Life, and he'll bring Oil to feed it, I'm certain——If the Queen should bolt upon us, while she's in this humour, 'twou'd scare her out of her Wits; there's no perswading her to Reason: I'll see what a Comfortable Dram will do. Why, Madam! Madam! you have forgot what the King sent, he foresaw there would be occasion, and, like a prudent Man, provided against a Rainy Season; see how it sparkles, 'tis as bright as your Eyes: [*Opens a Flask of Wine and fills.* As red as your Lips. Now cannot I forbear His Majesties Health: May he live for ever. [*Drinks.*

Rosa. Heav'n say, *Amen.*

Bert. 'Twas an odd sort of a Farewel——I can't imagine what growth this Grape is of——'tis not *Burgundy*. Gad shall save me, it warms one strangely; such a twang I have not met with: I must cover His Majesties Health with your Ladiships. Come, bless both! bless both! [*Drinks.*

Enter Queen and Abbot.

Queen. What stately Rooms! what glorious Apartments!
How Furnish'd! how Adorn'd! These shew a Grandeur,
Fit for the Empress of the Universe.

Abbot. Love always serves his Minions at this Rate,
And 'tis her turn to be ascendant now.

Queen. Not, and I live, my most Officious Sir.

Rosa. The Queen!

Bert. Ha! how terrible she looks.

Queen. An unexpected Visitor it seems.

Rosa. Where is my Guardian? Where my Servants?

Abbot. They're gone before to Usher you the way.

Rosa. I am Betray'd! Undone!

Queen. Thou art, indeed.

Thy Guilt arraigns thee, and thy Conscience has
Pronounc'd against thy self the fatal Sentence:
Here all thy Glories mingle with the Dust.

Bert. Oh Lord! what will become of us, she's got into one of her
mad Fits again? I'm ruin'd! A lost Man!

Rosa. What means my Queen?

Queen. No, you mistake, I am the Slave, you are the Queen,
For all of Majesty, of Power, and Pomp,
Are Center'd by my Lord, the King, in you;
I servilely attend your leisure hours,
And humbly wait upon his idle pleasures.

Bert. Here will be Murder; I'm in a Sweat already.

Abbot. Peace, Fool.

Bert.

King of England.

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Bert. Peace Fool ! Where is't ? here's no likelihood of Peace ; here's nothing but Fire and Tow, and I burn already.

Rosa. Will you but hear me ?

Queen. No, 'tis in vain, thy bounds of Life are set ;
Thou dyest Usurper.

Rosa. Yet stay, one Word before you strike the blow.

Abbot. She is not fit to live, therefore dispatch :
Strike home, and while she's studying for a Lye,
Let her sink quick to Hell and tell it there.

[A noise within.]

Enter Ruffian.

Ruff. The King.

Queen. Ha ! where ?

Ruff. Is upon Entrance.

Abbot. Has mischief plaid the Jilt ?

Rosa. Oh luckily Minute !

Bert. Welcom, dear King ; but I burn confoundedly.

Queen. Thou shalt not scape.

Rosa. You will not Murder me !

Queen. Hadst thou ten thousand Lives, here they should end.

Abbot. We trifle time away.

Queen. To let thee see I yet am Charitable,
And would not kill but on Necessity,
Here, take thy choice, Drink this, and linger out
A moments space.

Rosa. Yet Mercy !

[Kneels.]

Queen. Here's all I have.

[Offers to Stab her.]

Rosa. Oh, hold ! Give me the Cup ! The Dagger gives
Immediate Death, and I shall perish e'r I see the King.

Abbot. What, will you spare her ?

[Noise louder.]

Queen. No — Drink or —

Rosa. I do. Thus I submit, and Drink the Bane of Life ;
The Bane of Love. Oh *Henry* ! thus I fall thy Sacrifice. [Drinks.]

Bert. What ! Do I see the same Wine I drank ? Oh ! My Bowels !

Queen. Rise, *Rosamond*.

Rosa. Only to fall again ? No, I am down for ever.

Bert. Is the Wine Poyson'd, no help ?

Abbot. None ; you must be tasting, fall to your Prayers.

Bert. I've none of my Beads : Oh ! I'm gone ! I'm dying ! I'm dead !

Abbot. Lead the Fool out ; let not his noise disturb us.

Bert. Oh, Gentlemen, what will become of my Soul ? What will
become of my Soul ? Take notice, Friends, that I dye in doubt ! I
dye in doubt ! for I don't know where I'm going.

[Ruffians lead out Bertrand.]

Enter King, Verulam, and Guards.

King. Am I then come too late ? And is my Rose,
My lovely Rose, torn short from off the Stalk ?
Look up my Love, and bless me with thy Eyes ;

H

Oh,

Oh, gaze upon me while their lustre last,
And when they close, I'll sink in darkness with 'em.

Rosa. I do, I must while I have any being;
But, Oh, the date is short, yet I am blest
That I expire within your Royal Arms.

King. Open the snowy Mansion of thy Breasts,
Where Natures everlasting matchless sweets
Shoot forth, to ble's the sense that can approach 'em.
Oh, shew me where the bleeding sluces are,
That I may piece-meal tear my trembling Flesh,
To stop thy flowing Life.

Rosa. I have no wounds.

King. Why then dost thou talk of dying?
Why stretch my Soul upon the Rack of Tortures?

Queen. Oh, most detested sight;
Curse on my Hand that spar'd the Object
Which so much torments me.

King. Help me to rear her.

Rosa. Oh, If I stir I die, my Dear; Dear Henry.

King. What?

Rosa. I'm Poison'd; Let me embrace you for the time
I stay, and breath my Soul out here, for 'tis on wing.

King. Some run with speed, and call assistance hither,
My Crown to him that saves her.

Enter Sir Thomas, led in.

Sir Tho. Thank you Gentlemen for your good company hither; I
am travailing; the Abbot, that Spiritual Guide, has given me a wrong;
Pax, a Pox on him.

Abbot. While Fate is busie, I will shift the place,
It grows too hot for me.

Veru. Your Pardon Sir, [*As the Abbot is going, Verulam stops him.*]
We must not part yet.

Sir Tho. No, hold him good *Verulam*; let not the Layety be ever
the sufferers; let the Church have her share of this mischief, that she
may not laugh at us always.

Abbot. An Ax, a Gibbet, or a Wheel; Oh, scandal of my Tribe,
to be thus caught.

Rosa. Have I your hand?

King. Why, dost thou question it?

Rosa. A sudden mist intrudes upon my sight,
My Limbs grow numb; I shiver with the cold,
Cold touch of Death; Oh, help me, clasp me hard;
A tall lean shade is plucking me away:
I must along with him.

King. Oh, dreadful sound!

Rosa.

Rosa. Remember me a little amidst your Joys hereafter,
Indeed I'll think on you; Oh, in my Grave, when you
Expire, be laid; I'll keep it warm against your coming.
I'm very sick——my pain's exceeding great——
But yet I love, believe me that I love, Farewell.

[*Dis.*

King. Oh, one word more, my *Rosamond*, one more,
She's gone, the Beauteous frame's dissolv'd,
Life is no more; And what is Life without her?
Now for *Medusa's* Head to work a change,
That I might grow a Statue by her side,
And be each others Monument for ever.

Veru. My Royal Lord,

King. VVhat wondrous sweetness dwells upon her Lips?
Tho' Death has Ravish'd hence the blooming Rose,
The Lillies spring afresh——but a pale yellow
Steals upon their Beauty, and, with the Setting-Sun,
They seem to wither.

Veru. Sir, I beseech you;

King. Oh, *Verulam*, behold! how Nature struggles,
The Red' again seems to assume her Cheeks,
And Death's unwilling to perform his Office;
He's stept to Heav'n to beg her a Reprieve:
Life, like a Lament Glory, Dances round her,
And waits for fresh admittance.

Vern. Will you not hear me Sir?

King. The Gods were deaf to me when I complain'd,
And I will now be so to all the World.

Queen. May I not speak?

King. And justify the Murder: Hence, begone.

Queen. No; as an expiation for the fact,
Here take my Life, but spare my Children.

King. Ha! what say you?

Queen. Our easie Natures were impos'd upon,
Abused by yonder Villains sophistry;
Had he ne're blown the Embers of Suspicion,
That you design'd to Ruin them and me,
These Hands had ne're been stain'd with Blood.

King. Speak Fury, What could urge thee to this deed?

Abbot. Remember *Becket*- and then shake with horror.

King. Away with him to death.

Abbot. Thou dar'st not kill me *Henry*;
Too much o'th' Churches Blood hangs on thy Head:
If thou tak'st mine 'tis multiplying Murder.

King. Thou shalt not live, tho' I appeal unto his Holiness.

Sir Tho. That's asking my Fellow if I'm a Thief. —
There's Justice cheaper for you: [Stabs the Abbot, who falls.
Sink Pulpit-Furniture.

Abbot.

Abbot. 'Tis done, and all your torturing Projects are prevented:
But Monarch, here I Prophesie thy Ruin! To *Becket's* Shrine thou
must a Pilgrim go, the Church has vow'd it; shun it if thou canst.
And next thy Son; Thy Son shall wear thy Crown in thy own Life
time. *Becket*, thy Hand, and Guide me, for I'm coming.

King. Can Wickedness, like thine, e'r hope for Heav'n?

Abbot. No matter what I hope for, this I know,
Thy Plagues on Earth will equal mine below. [Dyes.]

Sir Tho. So, here's a Temporal Pimp by a Spiritual Knave, and
how to get to Heav'n without him will be hard.

Ver. Poor *Sir Thomas*.

Sir Tho. As rich as I was Born, the Earth has her own again, and I
owe the World nothing. [Dyes.]

King. Behold what thou hast done, unthinking Woman!
Thou wretched Instrument to yonder Villain!
Prithee begone, lest that my trembling Hand
Rush on a Deed unworthy of my self.

Queen. I go, and if thy Rage will banish me for ever,
It will some pleasure to my wrongs appear,
As I must ne'r have thee, thou canst nother. [Ex. Queen.]

King. Oh, *Rosamond*!
What Wonders would I do to purchase thee again!

Ver. Take Comfort, Sir, since she is past restoring:
Let War, and thoughts of Conquest, drive her from you.
Your Country wants you, and your Honour calls,
If you'd do something to Revenge her loss,
Now is the time; your Son invites you to't.
We'll raise a Funeral Pile of *Norman* Rebels,
And burn 'em to the memory of her.

King. I thank thee, *Verulam*, thou hast awak'd me;
Let's hasten to Erect that Monument.
Oh *Rosamond*! thou shalt be Nobly follow'd;
Of my own Bowels I will make Attonement!
And my Curs'd Queen shall find her Rage outdone,
For Ill Revenge thy loss upon her Son.

[Ex.]

F I N I S.

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